

No.
137
Sept.
'70

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IN THIS ISSUE

BOOB & CARNAL & TAD & ALAS & ALFRED

Introducing A New MAD Feature Which Takes A Humorous Look At The War Between



MAJOR HAWKS

HAWKS & DOVES



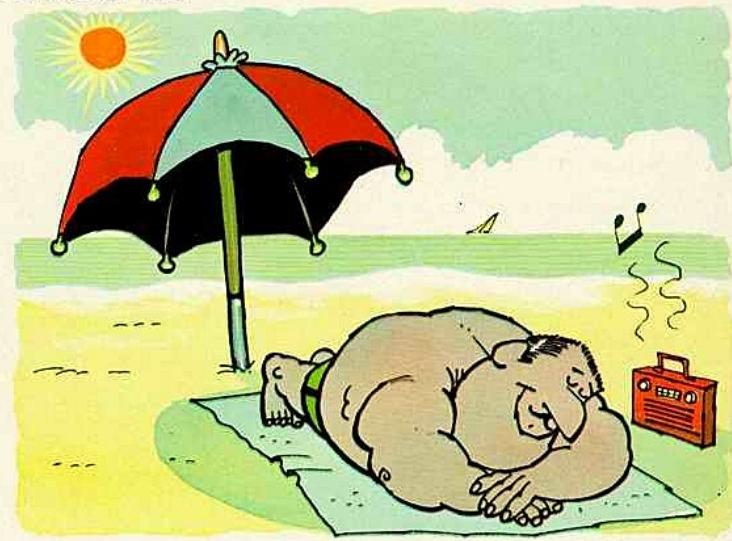
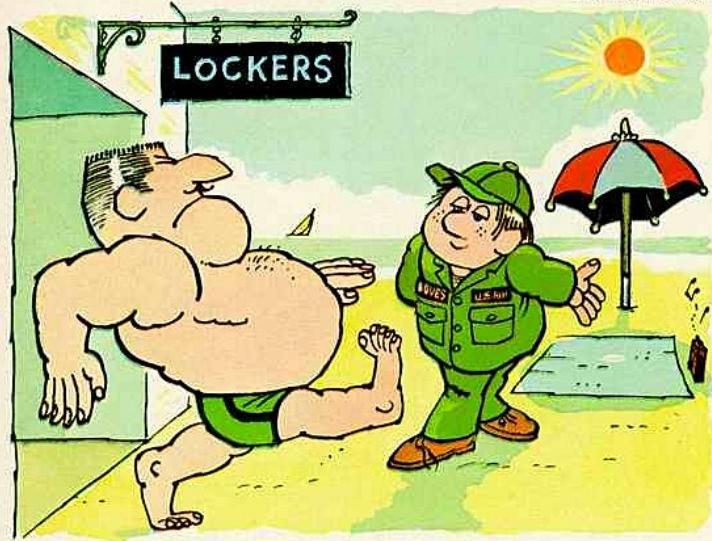
DOVES



PRIVATE DOVES



ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



Jaffee

MAD

"The only reason more American families don't own an elephant is: they've never been offered one for a dollar down and a dollar a week!"

—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher*

ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*

JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

JACK ALBERT *law suits*

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,

CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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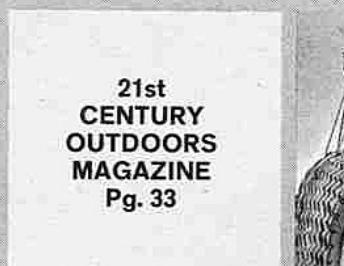
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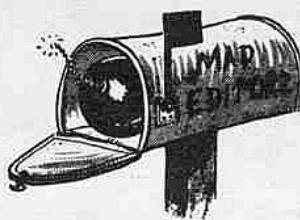
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Yep, now you can order full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" Kid—suitable for framing or wrapping fish—six ways: 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27, \$4.00 for 81, and this latest, absolutely final bargain (so don't wait for a better one!)—\$8.00 for 243! Mail money to: MAD, 485 MADISON Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022



LETTERS DEPT.



MAD'S OFFICIAL PORTRAIT OF THE PRESIDENT

It must have taken great courage to print the back cover to #135. In times like these, when straight truth and honesty are clouded over or ignored, it is truly heartening that MAD still sees the daylight and tells it like it is. Don't bend under pressure. You are needed now more than ever.

Albert N. Abrams
Adelphi, Md.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A BORE WHEN . . .

"You Know You're Really A Bore When . . ." you print articles like "You Know You're Really A Bore When . . ."

Eric Smith
Missoula, Mont.

"You Know You're Really A Bore When . . ." this is the 10th letter you've written to MAD, and it's the only one that gets published.

G. R. Gomola
Trenton, N.J.

"You Know You're Really A Bore When . . ." you get a gift subscription to MAD—anonymously.

Mark Thomas
Warren, Mich.

WOW!

All I can say is, "Wow!" The entire June issue (#135) had me laughing and crying at the same time. So who needs a shrink to tell us what our hang-ups are all about when there are guys like you around? Wow! (Again!)

Sarah Dickey
Albuquerque, N.M.

SPARE THE ROD & SHARE THE MAD

Being the mother of two teenagers, I thank God that, in this troubled world of "Vietnam" and "Pot", etc., I have a magazine like "MAD" to share with them.

Claire Serauman
Everett, Mass.

WILL THE TRUTH HURT . . . US?

I just hope that your offices remain intact, and MAD continues its successful crusade for truth. The Right Wing is probably after you for showing it up for what it is . . . and the Leftists probably want to kill you for doing peacefully what they would rather destroy the country to accomplish.

Diana M. Savit
Brooklyn, N.Y.

SLEAZY RIDERS

Your "Sleazy Riders" was a superb satire of a very well-done movie. In fact, your last scene—showing Uncle Sam, unrecognized, degraded, and being run out of town by extremists—was an even broader statement of truth than the original tragic ending to the movie.

Mark Sajbel
Pueblo, Colo.

Peter Fonda's "Easy Rider" had a message of importance for all generations. So did MAD's "Sleazy Riders". What's happening, guys? You've been slipping lately by giving us meaningful literature instead of worthless trash.

Colleen M. Francis
Denver, Colo.

"Sleazy Riders" showed far more originality than the movie it satirized. MAD is the modern day "muck-raker", and you've done it again with this article.

Karl M. Rabenold
Blue Bell, Pa.

"Sleazy Riders" was your best movie satire to date. As much as I loved the film, I was aware of its flaws. Your satire succeeded in pointing up its shortcomings without destroying the film's obvious sincerity.

Sp/4 Don Pugsley
Ft. Riley, Kans.

"High" praise for "Sleazy Riders": Larry Siegel was "writing high" on this one, and Mort Drucker's art was "outta sight"! I was really Fonda it!

Joseph La Mendola
Jersey City, N.J.

"Sleazy Riders" was an insult to one of the greatest movies I have ever seen.

Arlene Calabrese
Drexel Hill, Pa.

FOLKS INCOME TAX RETURN

Your "Folksy Income Tax Return" was so funny, it gave me an idea. I plan to enter my MAD Subscription as a deduction. After all, it's a "necessary expense"!

I. J. Shapiro
Toronto, Can.

A MAD LOOK AT FOOTPRINTS

"A MAD Look At Footprints" was an ingenious feet!

Mike Addobati
Sacramento, Calif.

SELECTIVITY

The only thing I like about your magazine is the little "Drawn-Out Drama" cartoons at the tops of the pages.

Claudia Blodgett
Inglewood, Calif.

What's wrong with the "Drawn Out Drama" cartoons at the bottoms of the pages?—Ed.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIMER

"The Richard M. Nixon Presidential Primer" was by far the best and funniest article you've done. What makes it even funnier is that much of what you said about Mr. Nixon is TRUE! Congratulations to Larry Siegel for some hilarious satire.

Richard T. Frothingham
South Burlington, Vt.

You reached a new low with your "Richard M. Nixon Presidential Primer"—a low I did not think you were capable of. It was in extremely bad taste and was degrading to the Leader of our Country—a person to whom, right or wrong, respect should be given. If we think our President is a joke, what are other nations going to think of this country?

Amado Bobadilla
Middletown, R.I.

The same thing they've been thinking all along!—Ed.

Let me make one thing perfectly clear: Your "Richard M. Nixon Presidential Primer" was sensational! Make no mistake about that!

John Van Mater
Piscataway, N.J.

The latest Louis Harris poll, taken in March, 1970, shows that 72% of the people in the U.S. are satisfied with Richard M. Nixon as President. From the looks of your last issue (#135), you seem to have overlooked that fact.

Winston C. Cavan
Durham, N.C.

The latest Alfred E. Neuman poll, taken in April, 1970, shows that 28% of the people in the U.S. are satisfied with MAD. We know our audience!—Ed.

THE MAD MORALITY

I can well understand your policy against taking ads. However, you DO take "Letters To The Editor", so I am writing this one in the hopes that it might alert your readers to my new book, "The MAD Morality" (Abingdon Press, \$2.79—On Sale Now At All Bookstores!), in which I prove, through your own articles and ad satires, that MAD is a subversive moral document pledged to decency and goodness.

Vernard Eller
Professor of Religion
La Verne College, Calif.

And in support of decency and goodness, we are submitting a bill to you, Dr. Eller, for your sneaky ad. We are also attempting to interest someone in writing a book called "The MAD Immorality" which proves, through these very same articles, that MAD is a subversive immoral document pledged to indecency and badness. Publicity like YOURS we need like a hole in the head!—Ed.

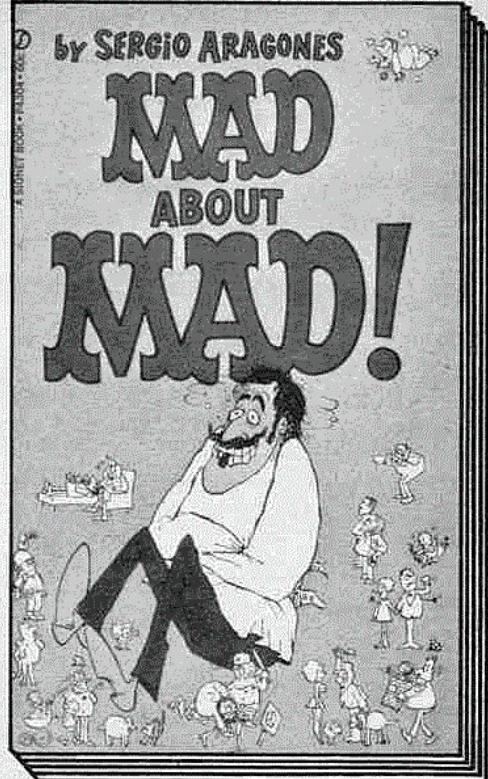
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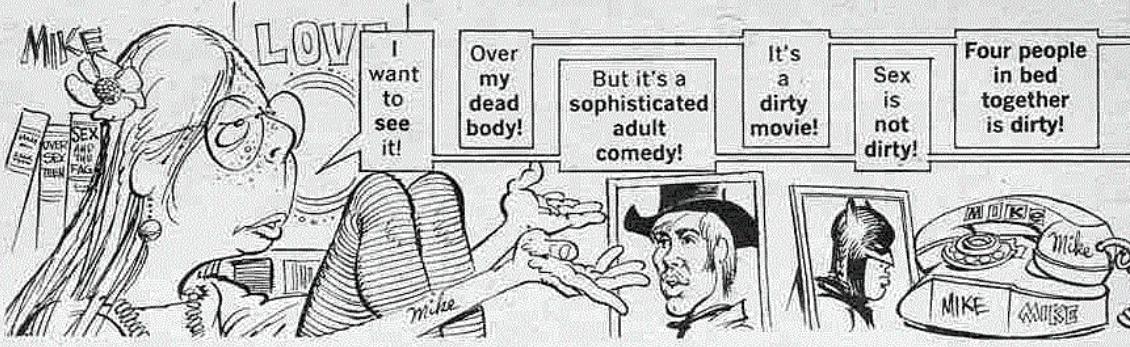
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SWITCH HIT DEPT.

AND NOW, MAD
TURNS ITS ATTEN-
TION TO ONE OF THE
MOST TALKED-ABOUT
FILMS OF THE YEAR!
AND HERE IS HOW IT'S
TALKED ABOUT . . .



BOOB AND CARNAL

AND LENNY AND EMILY AND HERBIE AND MARGIE AND HAL AND JUDY AND SY

Tell us a little about "Encounter Therapy", Mr. Sweet!

See him? Before he came to us, he had a terrible compulsion! But here at "Truth Institute", he's learned to overcome it!

And what was his compulsion?

He was a "Peeping Tom"!

But why are they all touching each other like that?

Two reasons: One, to overcome their natural shyness—

And the other . . . ?

It gives them something to do with their hands! When God made Adam and Eve, He forgot pockets!

Oh? How come they can do it up here?

Because HIS wife and HER husband are back in the city!



But nothing really happens!

How do you know?

My friends told me!

What kind of friends have you got that go to see such dirty movies!?

AND SO ON—AND SO ON—AND SO ON!
WELL, WE HERE AT MAD FEEL THAT
EVERYONE HAS THE RIGHT TO DECIDE
FOR HIMSELF. THEREFORE, WE ASK
YOU TO BE OPEN-MINDED WHEN YOU
JUDGE THIS DIRTY MOVIE... AS MAD
PRESENTS ITS OWN VERSION OF...

AND TAD AND ALAS

AND JOAN AND BUZZ AND ELAINE AND JOE AND PAT AND DICK AND PHOEBE

AND JESSIE
AND SALLY
AND GENE
AND THELMA
AND ALBERT
AND SHIRLEE
AND SEYMOUR
AND TEDDY
AND MARTY
AND CAROL
AND BERNIE
AND SEENA
AND GARY
AND LESLIE
AND TOAN
AND SUSAN
AND TOM
AND JAMIE AND

Now, we are going to practice being completely honest with each other! Somebody start! Say something honest....

You spit when you talk!

Good!

You smell like a goat!

Fine!

Your breath could KILL!

Splendid! Now, Boob—what did we learn from this exchange?

We learned that OUR problems are NOTHING compared to YOUR problems! YOU'RE a SLOB!!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART

Are we doing this to become more involved with each other?

Not exactly! I offered a reward to anyone who finds my lost contact lens!

MORT DRUCKER

HELE

JERRY AND ANYBODY AND JOHN AND RICKY AND LONNIE AND IRIS AND DONNIE AND JO-ELLEN AND SCOTTY AND MELANIE AND MARK AND SKIP AND LARRY AND

We know!
That's the
one minor
flaw in
the theory!

Hey! That's a TERRIBLE
thing to say! Boy, YOU
may be really happy
being truly honest with
everyone, but it can sure
make THEM miserable!

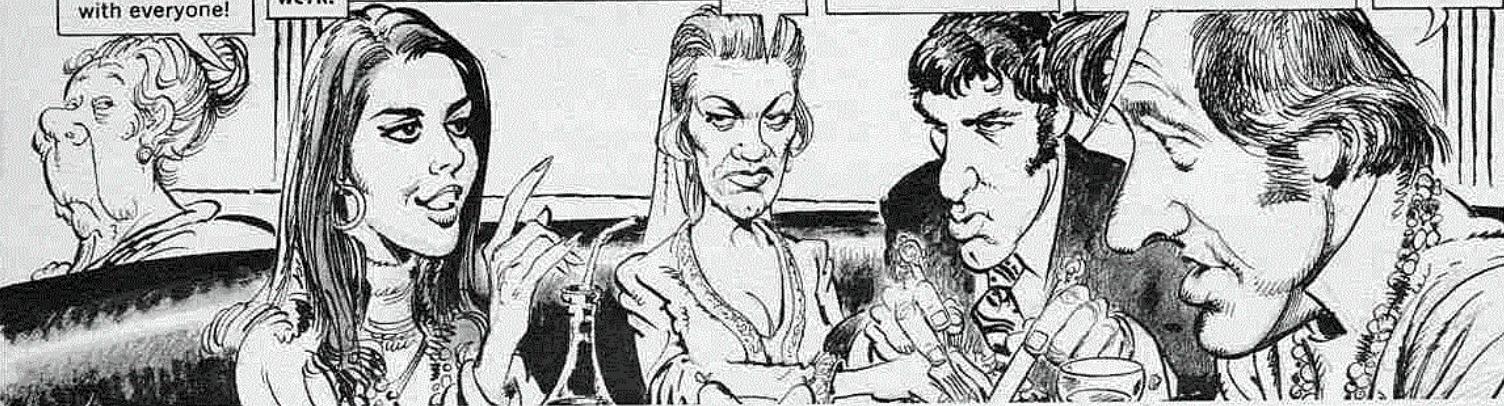
And Tad—who would
believe that an
inarticulate lump
like YOU could
ever become such a
successful lawyer!??

Do me
a big
favor!
DROP
DEAD!!

It's simple, Alas! I'll show
you! Er—uh—I know you're
supposed to be the same age
as Tad! So how come you look
at least ten years older!??

Well—
how
does
it
work?

Except for one
minor flaw, the
theory is that the
only way to be
really happy is to
be truly honest
with everyone!



You went through three red lights, almost hit a pedestrian, and your conversation shows that you're a bigot!

What's this all about?

I'm learning to be really happy by expressing my true feelings!

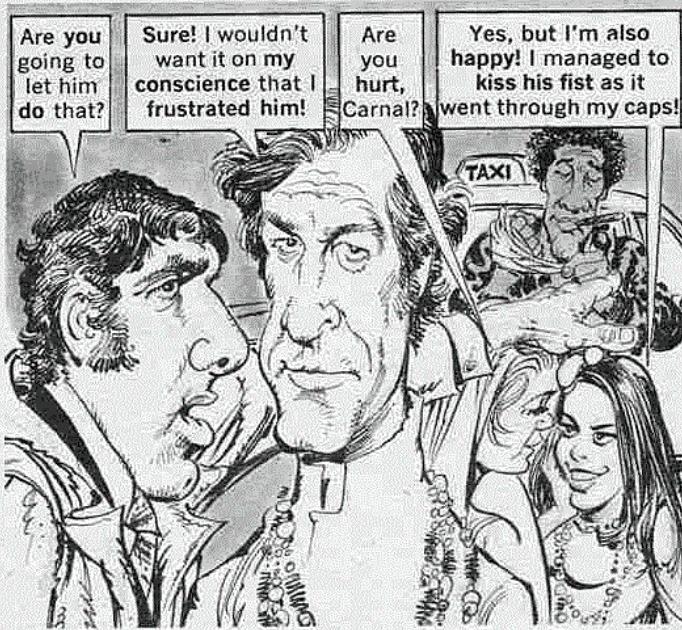
ME. TOO!!

Are you going to let him do that?

Sure! I wouldn't want it on my conscience that I frustrated him!

Are you hurt, Carnal?

Yes, but I'm also happy! I managed to kiss his fist as it went through my caps!



Daddy,
why
are
you
playing
with
me?

So everyone can identify with me as a warm, regular, everyday, average guy—

—who owns a \$150,000 Beverly Hills home, and is never seen in the same outfit twice, and wears a whistle around his 40-year-old neck??
LOTS OF LUCK!!

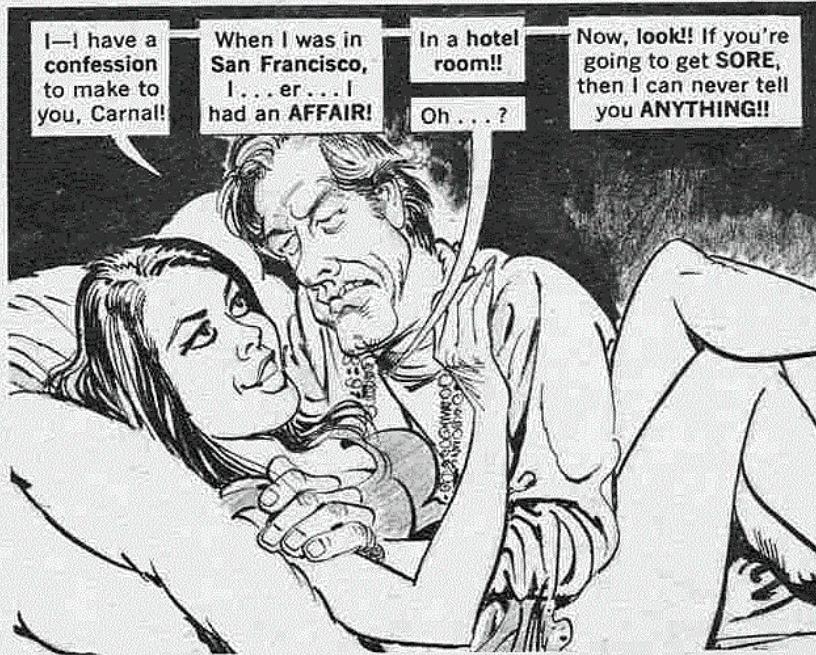
I—I have a confession to make to you, Carnal!

When I was in San Francisco, I... er... I had an AFFAIR!

In a hotel room!!

Now, look!! If you're going to get SORE, then I can never tell you ANYTHING!!

Oh...?



WARREN AND ROSE AND WALTER AND ELLIE AND CURT AND GLORIA AND CHRIS AND WENDY AND STAN AND CATHY AND

AND MORTY AND BARBARA AND SERGIO AND LILIO AND LENNY AND CLAIRE AND NICK AND LUCKY AND DAVE AND VIVIAN AND



AND BILL AND NANCY AND JACK AND FRANCES AND GEORGE AND JANETTE AND ARNIE AND SUE AND STEVE AND EDIE AND

TARZAN AND JANE AND POPEYE AND OLIVE AND CHARLIE AND LUCY AND HARRY AND CARRIE AND BARRY AND ARI AND WILLIAM AND MARY AND ABERCROMBIE AND

How could he DO such a thing!?



Having affairs with other women!?



Making love to sexy young girls!?



Hugging and kissing all night!?



Is there something you want?

I was in the mood, but forgot it!!

Why forget it?

I'm not in the mood any more! I—I think I hurt myself!



C'mon, Tad!
Don't tell me YOU
never did
anything
like that!?

Well, as a matter of fact . . .
last year, in New York, I had
this girl in my hotel room . . .
and I did something foolish . . .
something I'll always regret!!

Yeah?
What
did
you
do??

I . . . I
UNTIED
her . . .
and she
called
the cops!!

Hi,
Honey!
I'm
home
again!

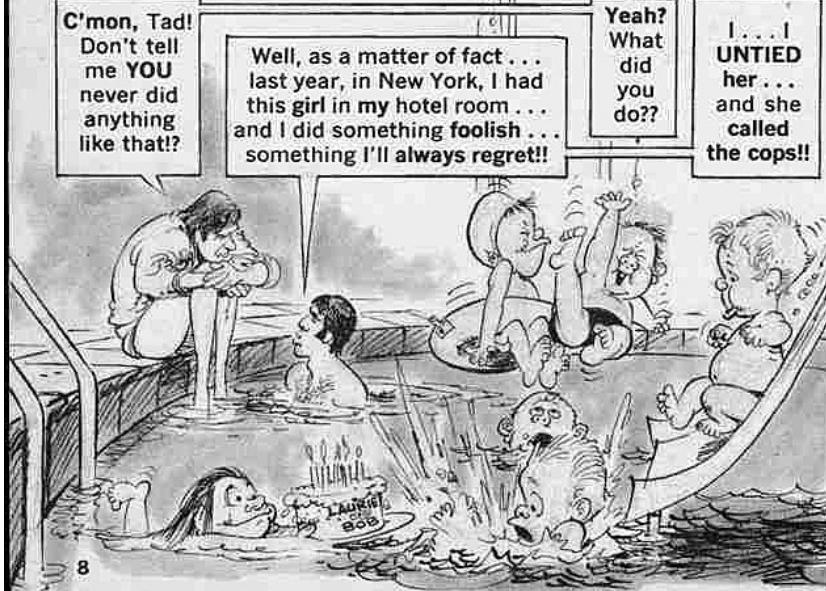
Hello, dear!
I have a
surprise
for you!

That's
great!
Where
is it?

It's
upstairs
on your
pillow!

Gee, what
is it?

A Tennis
Pro!



... and—uh—always remember, when you return a base-line shot, try to keep—

You can stop that! I told him!

H-How could you DO this?!

No—don't thank me! No sacrifice is too great to bring us closer together!!

Hi, there! It certainly has been a smooth flight so far, huh? You going to Miami, too?

Can it, Buster!

Gee, don't get me wrong! I have no ulterior motives! I am NOT trying to pick you up!

Forget it!

Forget WHAT?! Why can't we have a nice wholesome innocent talk?

Because I'm not that kind of girl!! Now, if you want to mess around a little, start talking!!

Listen, everybody! I have a confession to make! I—chomp-chomp!—I had an affair in Miami!

That's DISGUSTING!!

What's disgusting? That I had an affair in Miami??

No . . . that you're talking with your mouth full!!!

I'm really shocked!

You didn't think I was capable of having an affair??

No, I didn't think movie audiences were capable of swallowing our modern, anything goes, liberal, free-thinking attitudes!

Let's really put them to the test! Let's have an ORGY!!

C'mon, Tad! Let's go! We're waiting!

I'll be right with you! I just have to send something out to be dry-cleaned!

What??

My body!

Isn't this honest!

It's better than honest! It's DIRTY!!

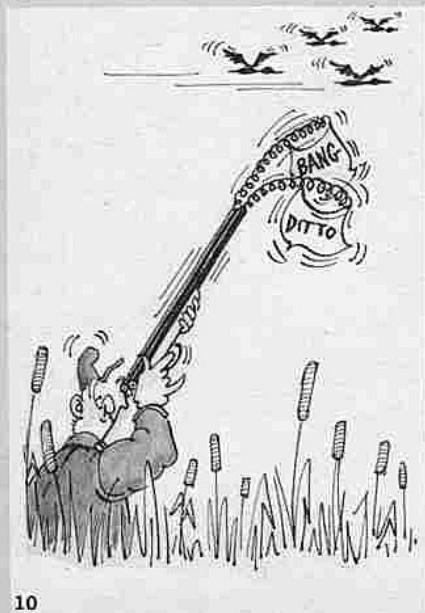
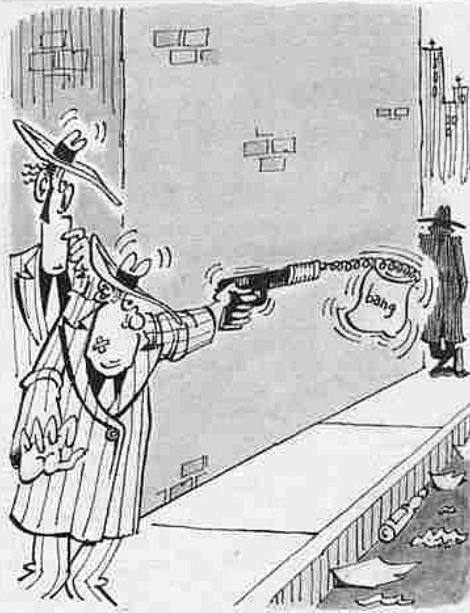
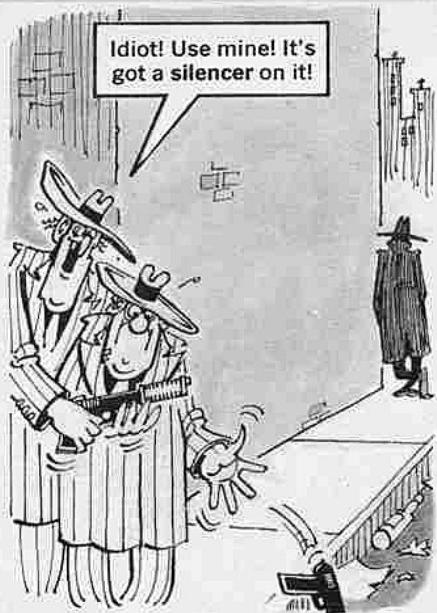
What happens now?

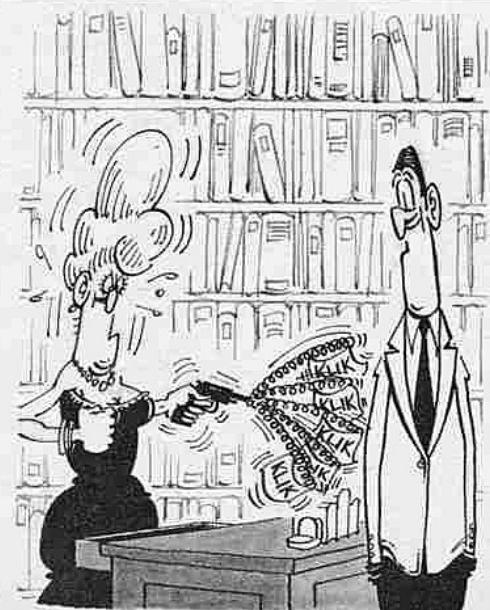
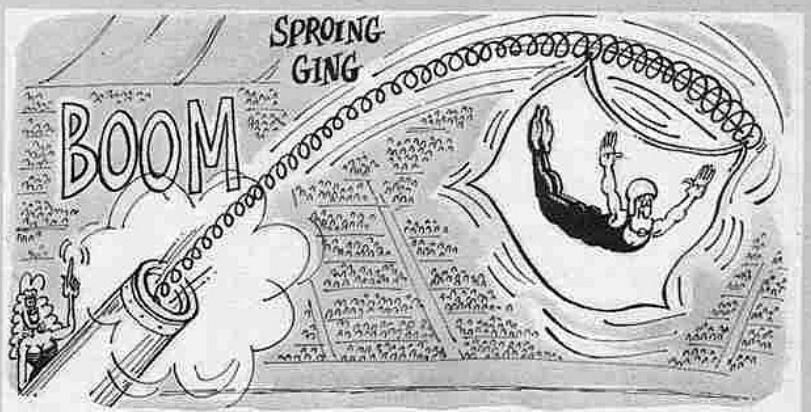
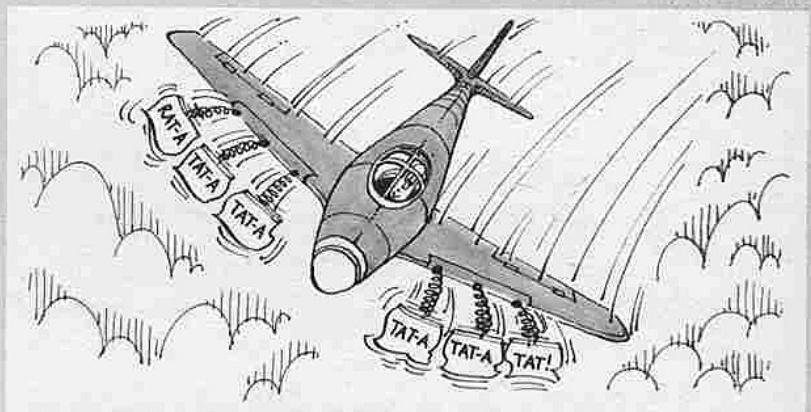
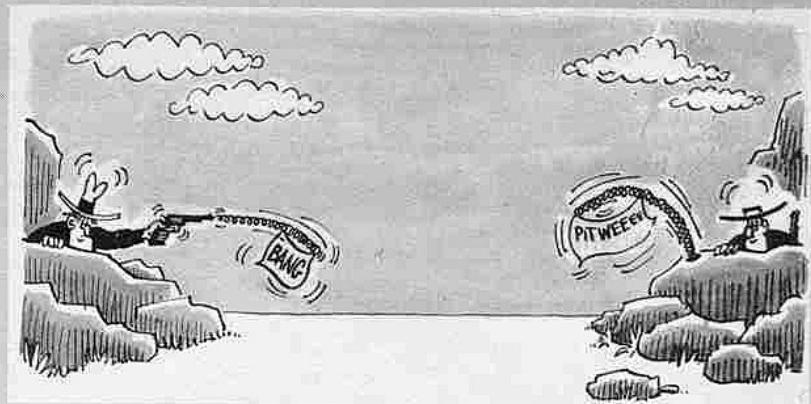
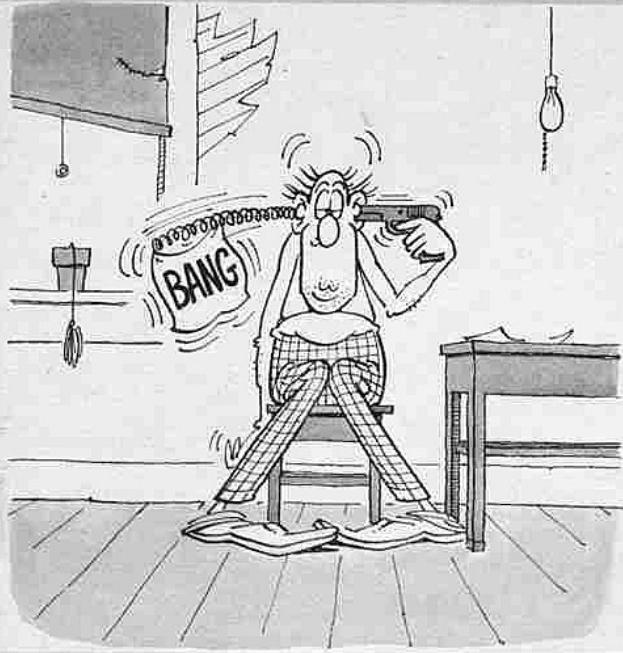
Nothing! This MAD version ends with a "Cop-Out" . . . just like the picture!!



H AND MAX AND BEA AND BACK AND FORTH AND TO AND FRO AND AL AND LEE AND EVERYBODY IN THE WORLD AND ALFRED.

GREAT NON-VIOLENT GUNS!



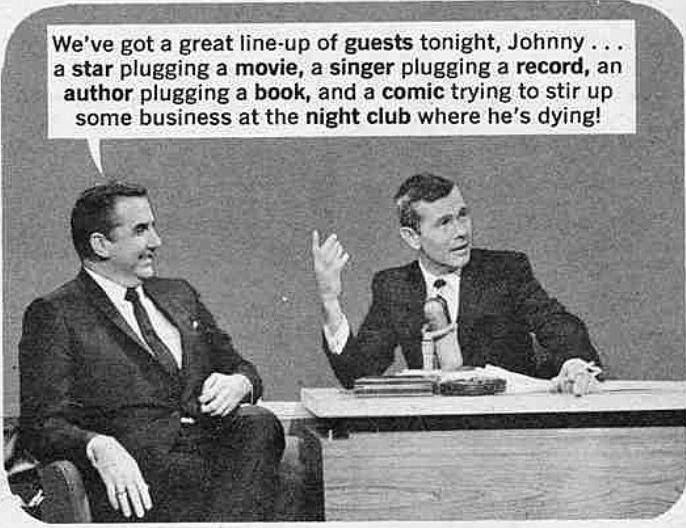


A MAD
PORTFOLIO
OF...

TV SCENES



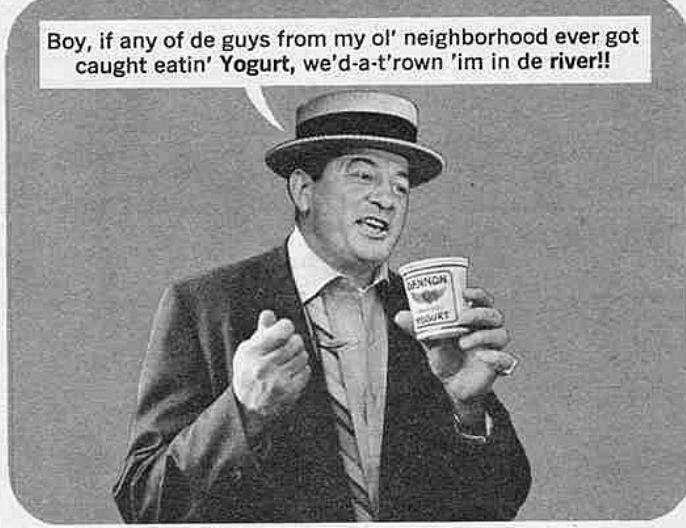
That was the worst act I ever saw!



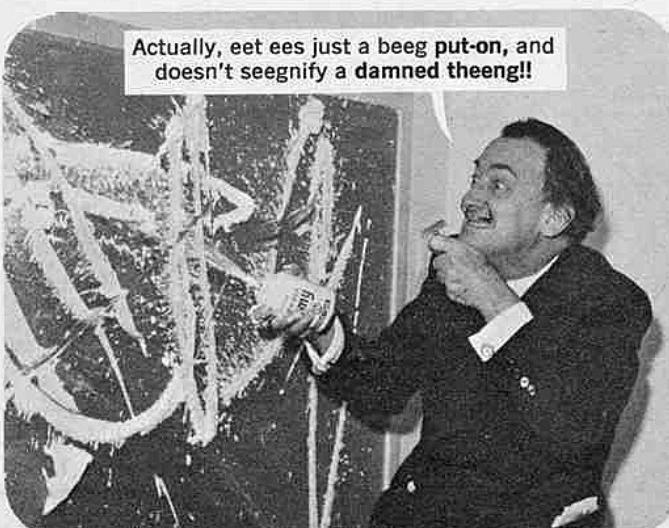
We've got a great line-up of guests tonight, Johnny . . . a star plugging a movie, a singer plugging a record, an author plugging a book, and a comic trying to stir up some business at the night club where he's dying!



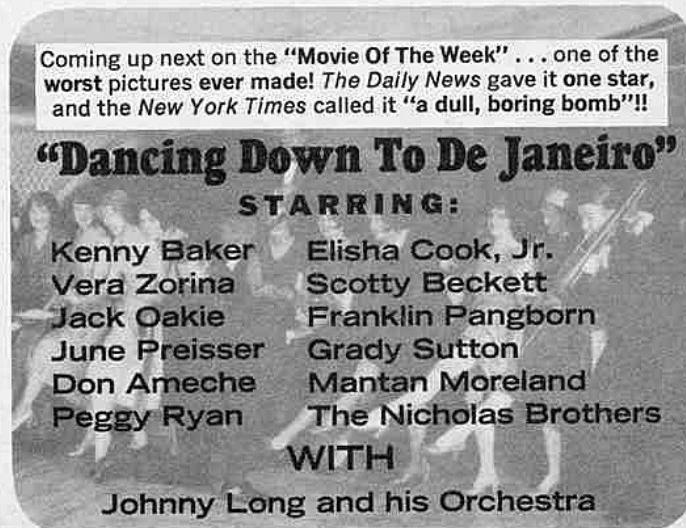
... and I'd like to thank the Publicity Department for taking out those full-page trade paper ads, plugging me for this Oscar . . . and I'd like to express my appreciation to the Studio for applying pressure to the members of the Academy contracted to them to vote for me . . . and . . .



Boy, if any of de guys from my ol' neighborhood ever got caught eatin' Yogurt, we'd-a-trown 'im in de river!!



Actually, eet ees just a beeg put-on, and doesn't seegrify a damned theeng!!



Coming up next on the "Movie Of The Week" . . . one of the worst pictures ever made! *The Daily News* gave it one star, and the *New York Times* called it "a dull, boring bomb"!!

"Dancing Down To De Janeiro"**STARRING:**

Kenny Baker
Vera Zorina
Jack Oakie
June Preisser
Don Ameche
Peggy Ryan

Elisha Cook, Jr.
Scotty Beckett
Franklin Pangborn
Grady Sutton
Mantan Moreland
The Nicholas Brothers

WITH

Johnny Long and his Orchestra

WE'D LIKE TO SEE

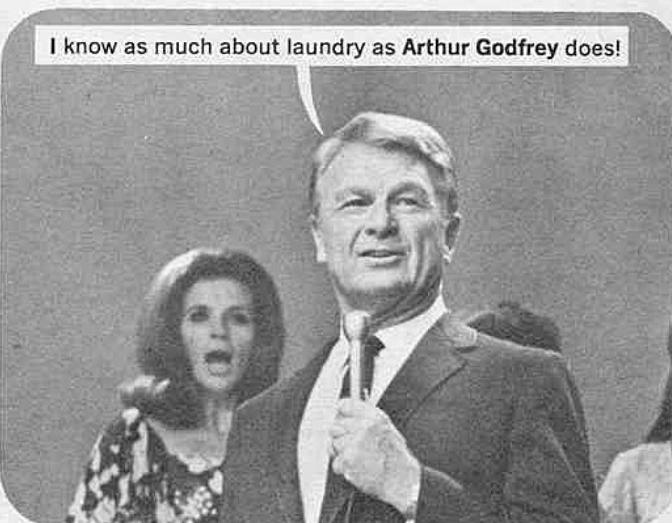
WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

PHOTOS BY U.P.I. & WIDE WORLD

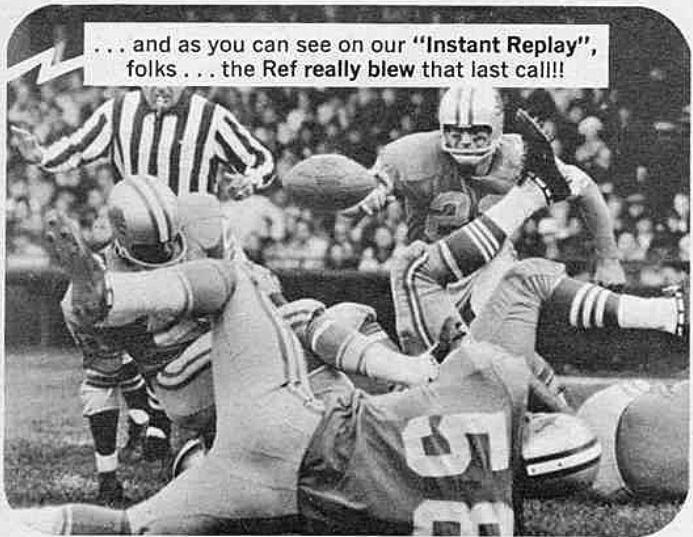
What in hell do I know about laundry?



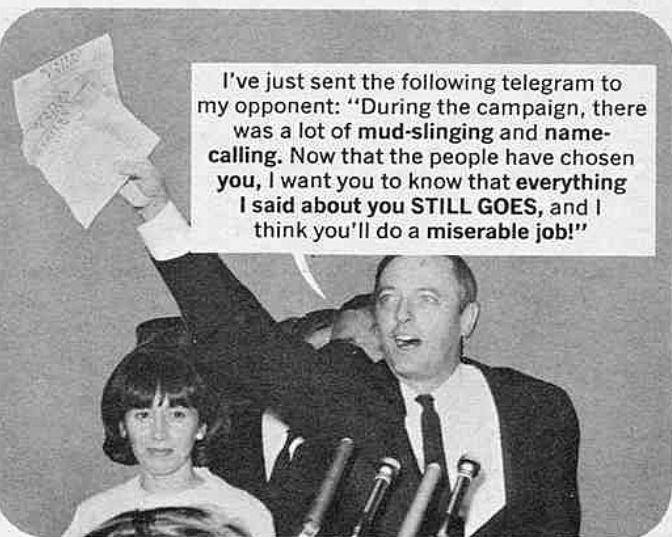
I know as much about laundry as Arthur Godfrey does!



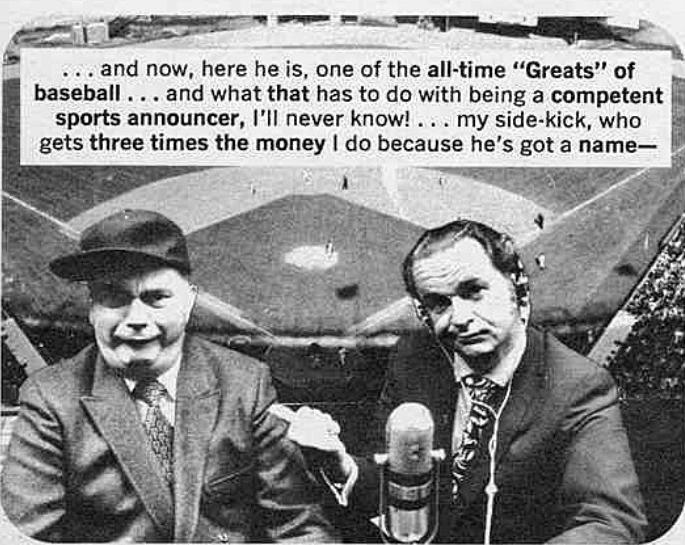
... and as you can see on our "Instant Replay",
folks . . . the Ref really blew that last call!!!



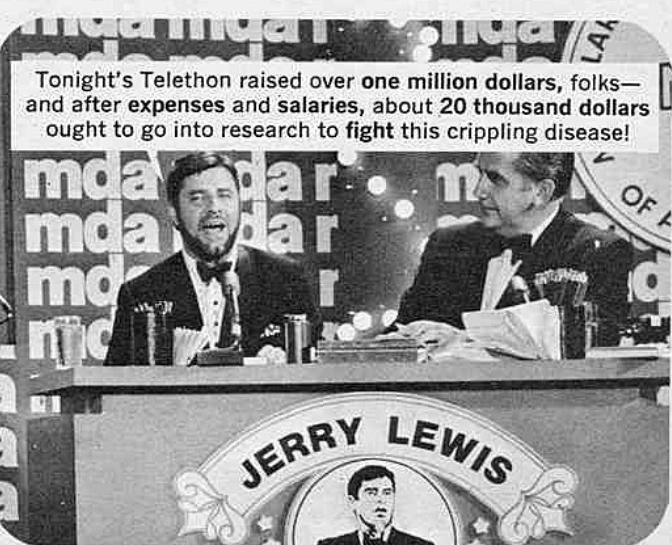
I've just sent the following telegram to
my opponent: "During the campaign, there
was a lot of mud-slinging and name-
calling. Now that the people have chosen
you, I want you to know that everything
I said about you STILL GOES, and I
think you'll do a miserable job!"



... and now, here he is, one of the all-time "Greats" of
baseball . . . and what that has to do with being a competent
sports announcer, I'll never know! . . . my side-kick, who
gets three times the money I do because he's got a name—

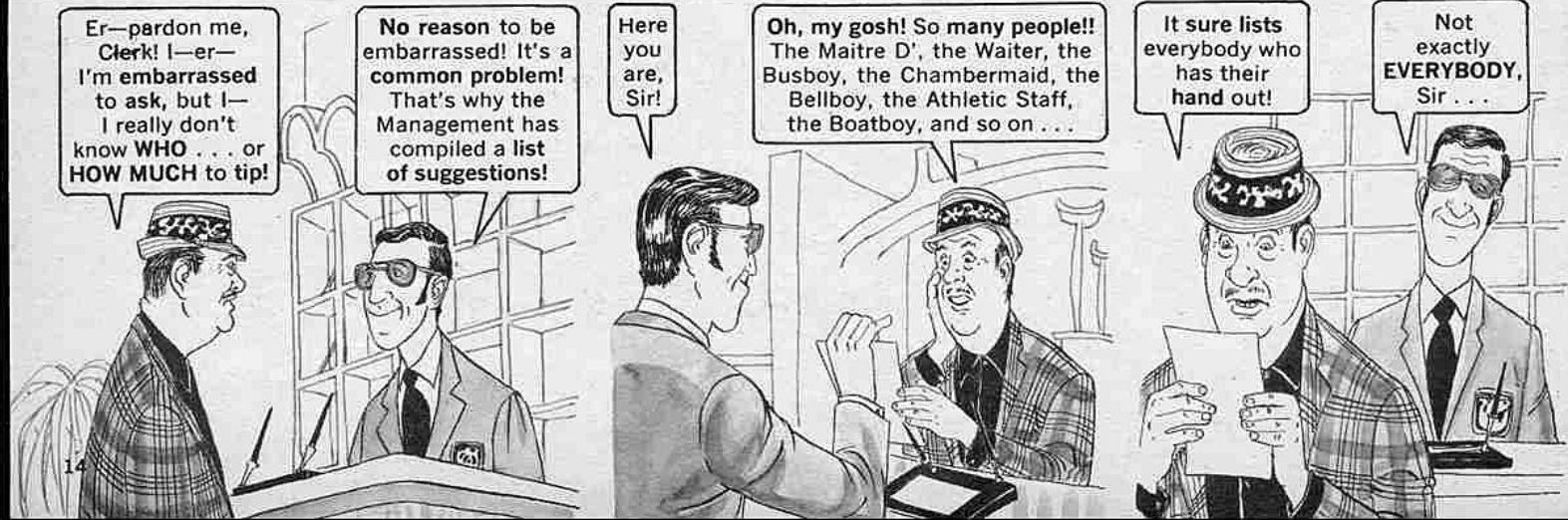
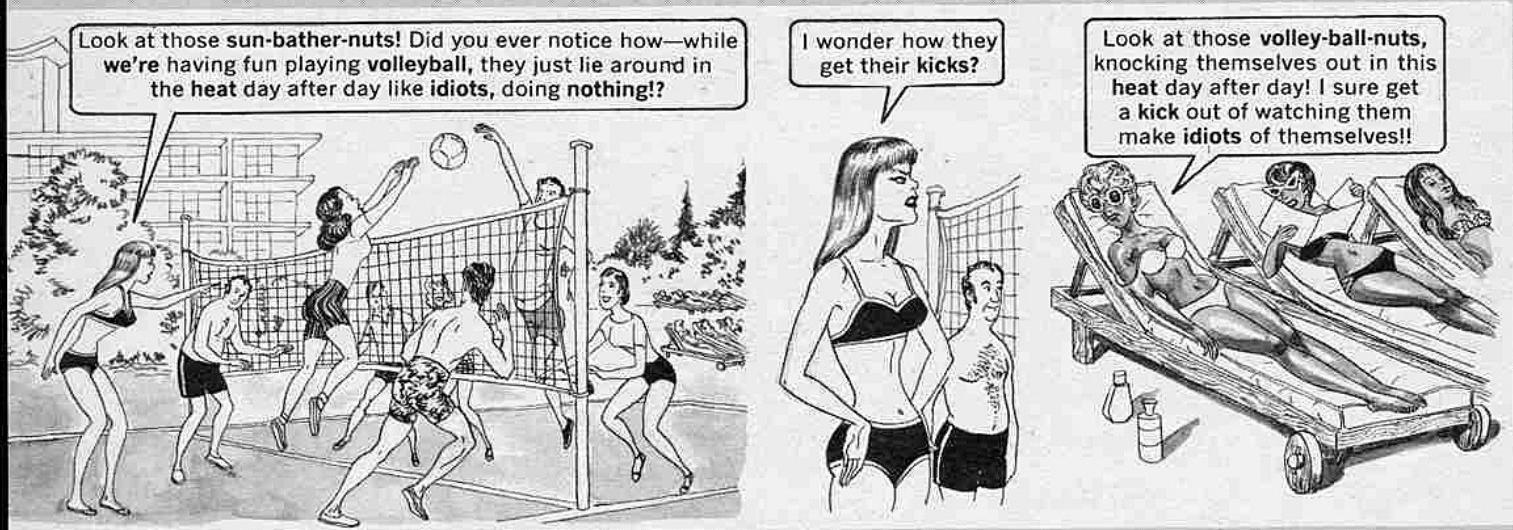


Tonight's Telethon raised over one million dollars, folks—
and after expenses and salaries, about 20 thousand dollars
ought to go into research to fight this crippling disease!



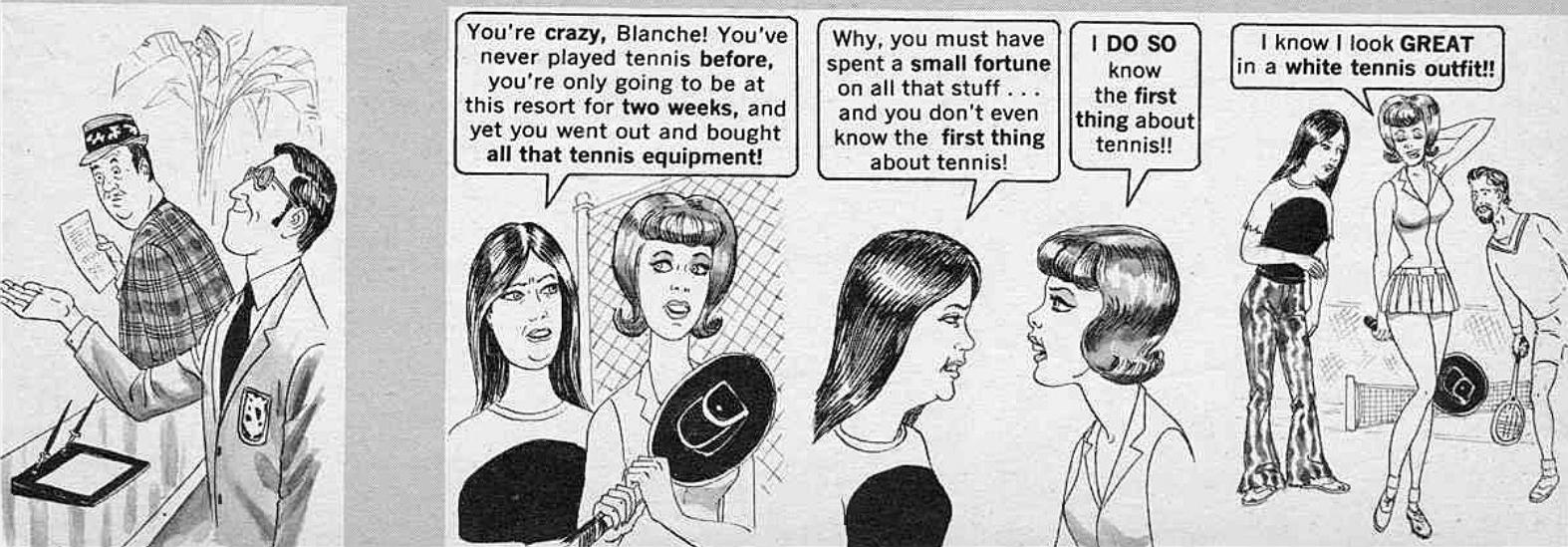
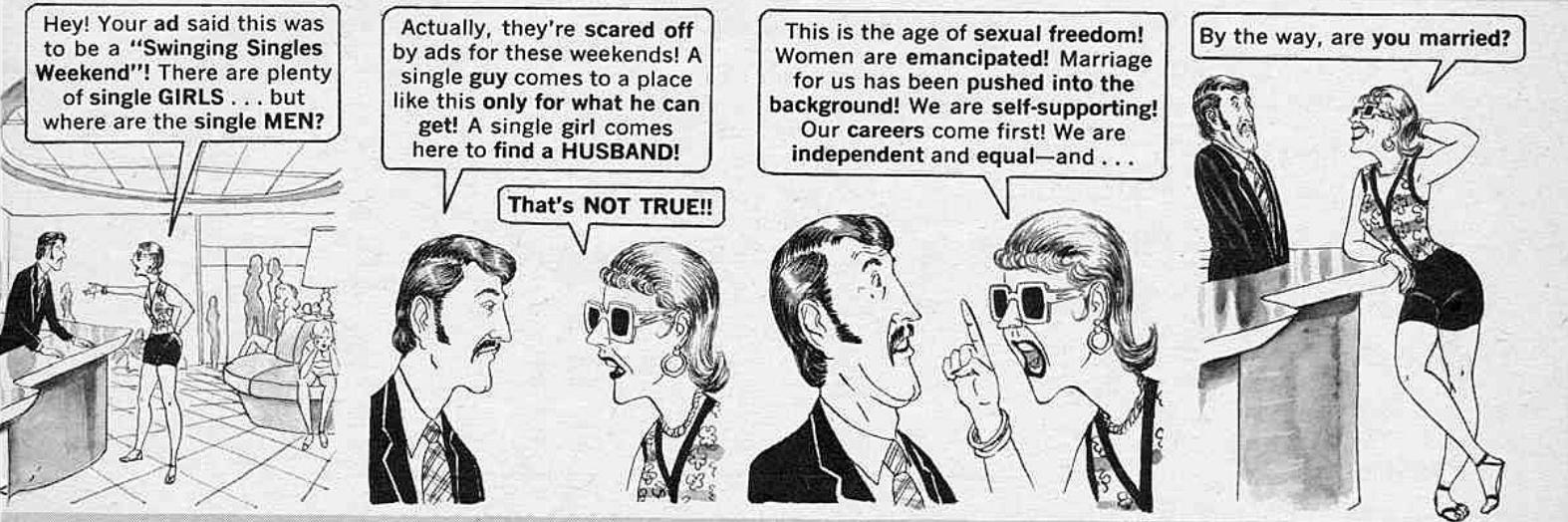
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

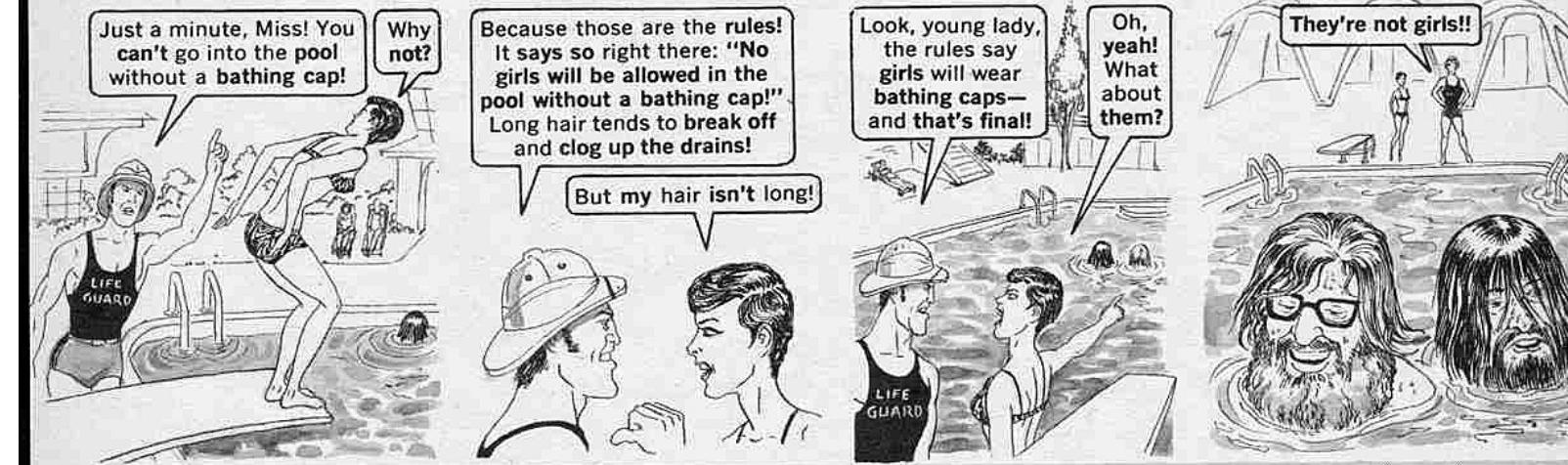
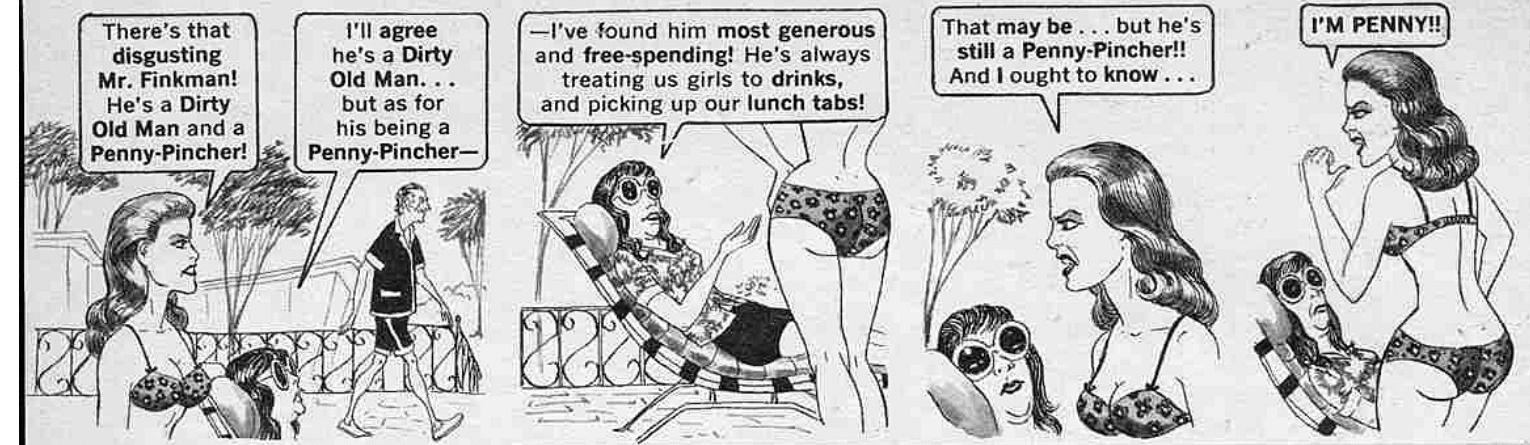
SUMM



ER RESORTS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG







Golf! Golf! Golf! That's all you're interested in! That's all you think about! That's all you do! Well... there are other things at this resort besides golf!

LIKE YOUR FAMILY!!

Oh... that!

See? You don't care! For all you know, I could be sick in this room, and the kids could be freaking out on narcotics! As long as you have golf, you forget you even HAVE a family!

All the time that I'm playing, there are pictures of you and the kids in my wallet!!

Like WHAT??

THAT'S NOT TRUE!!

What a crummy Boatel this is! I'm embarrassed to bring my \$45,000 cruiser to such a dump!

The mooring facilities are inadequate! The docks are rotting! The food is lousy and the service is worse!

Why did you tirade so against this Boatel? I don't think it's so bad!

Neither do I!!

I just wanted everyone to know that I own a \$45,000 cruiser!

What a dull winter!

Mine, too!

My children are married, so I have nothing to do anymore!

Me, too! My children are all off in College!

So all Winter long, to keep busy, I play cards!

It's the same with me!

That's why I look forward to Summer, when I can come to the Beach Club!

Yeah, I know how you feel! It's a nice change of scene!



There's that snob, Brad! He's the biggest "put-down" artist in town! Tell him something and he'll always one-better you!

But not this time! Because we just got back from one of the snazziest resorts in the State! We had to travel 300 miles to get there, but it was worth it! Watch me put HIM down!

Hi, Charley, Baby! What's happening?

I really don't know, Brad! I've been away... in the country!

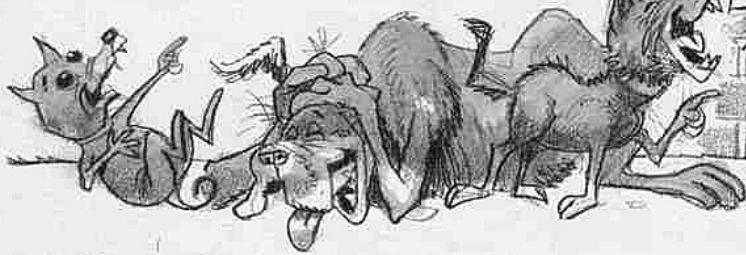
That so? I was in SWITZERLAND!! What country were YOU in?



MALE BITCH DEPT.

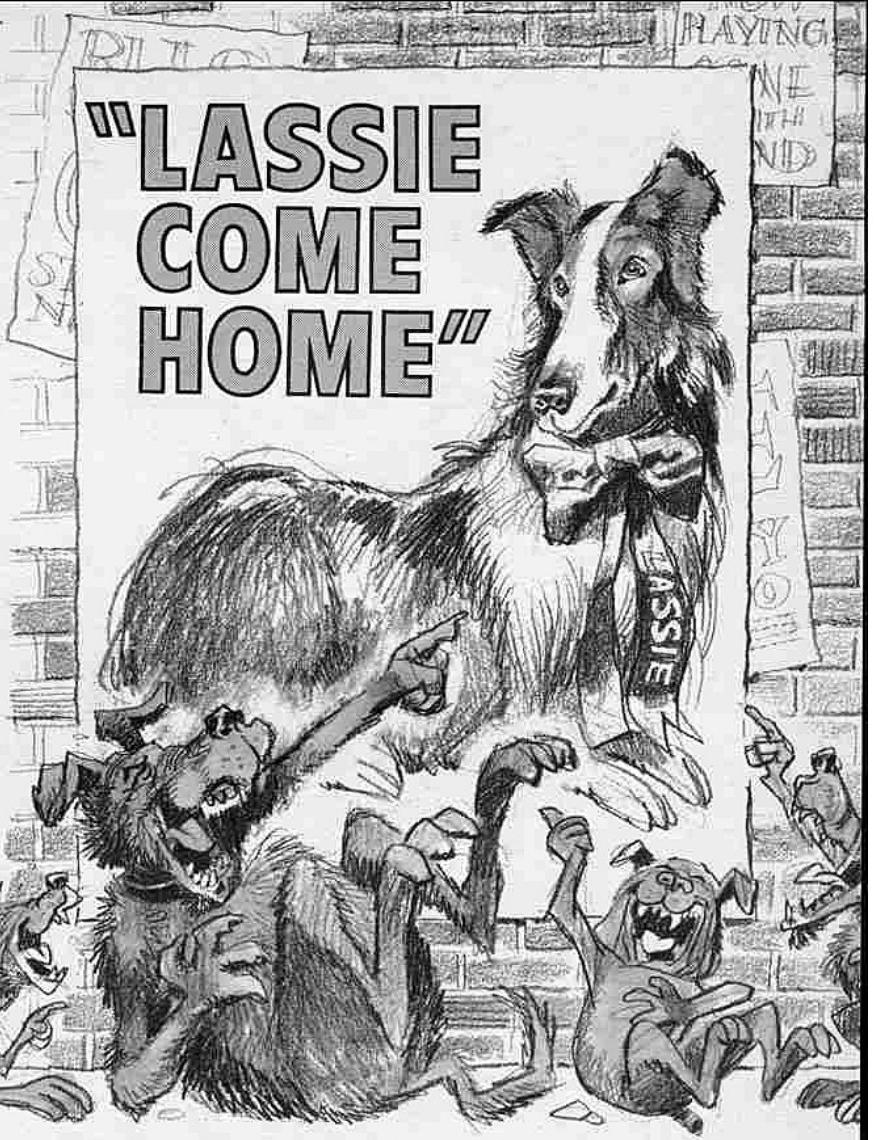
Of all the fine songs recorded by Johnny Cash through the years, "A Boy Named Sue" turned out to be one of his most successful. This ballad, about a boy with a girl's name, is fictitious. But MAD knows a *true* story about a boy with a girl's name . . . and we offer it here, with our apologies to the original song's composer-lyricist, Shel Silverstein . . . (So The Boy Won't Sue!).

A BOY-DOG NAMED "LASSIE"



Well, it started with a guy named Eric Knight
Who lost his life in an airplane flight,
But before he cashed in, he wrote him many a tome.

"LASSIE COME HOME"



Among them, "The Flying Yorkshireman"
And "This Above All," but I'm no fan
Of the book he went and called "Lassie Come Home!"



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS



WRITER: E. NELSON BRIDWELL

Well, I wasn't born when the book came out,
But the fame of the story spread about,
So naturally it was bought up quick by Hollywood.



So they went for a male—my Great Grand-Dad
(Who'd hoped for the role of Terhune's "Lad"
In a movie with stars the like of Raymond Massey!),



Well, everyone thought the film was classy,
So they followed it up with "Son of Lassie",
Then "Courage of Lassie" from the same old recipe.



They auditioned for the part of the female collie,
Testing Princess, Girl, and Dolly,
And found out female dogs don't train so good!



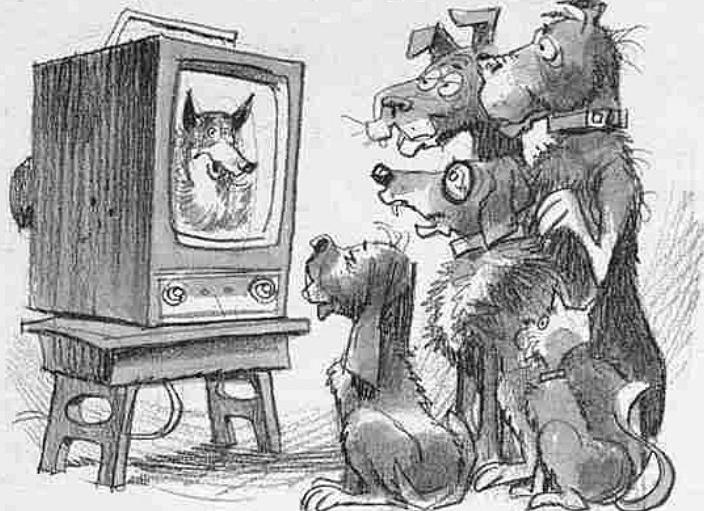
But instead he was teamed with Roddy McDowall
In a part that made Grand-Paw bark "Foul!"
When he learned his movie name'd been changed to "Lassie!"



Though the dog in this last one's name was "Bill",
The title wasn't, so people still
Believed my Great-Grandaddy was a she!



This doggy bag spread to radio
Which was followed (as if you didn't know)
By an endless stream of episodes on TV!



What annoys me more than a pesky flea
Is the fact that "Lassie" has proved to be
A goldmine of products and things to make them rich!



Oh, how I'd love to put the bite
On that casting clod who caused my plight!
To give a guy a girl-dog's tag is brassy!



And whenever one "Lassie" got too old,
A new replacement came in from the fold,
Until the name was handed down to me!



But despite it all, I'm in a rut
Trying to prove to every mutt
That I'm not a daughter, but a dog-gone son-of-a—BLEEEEP!



I'd tear him to pieces for his folly,
And then I'd find me a real girl collie,
And we'd have a son and name him... Snoopy, or Rin-Tin-Tin,
or Gentle Ben, or Flipper...

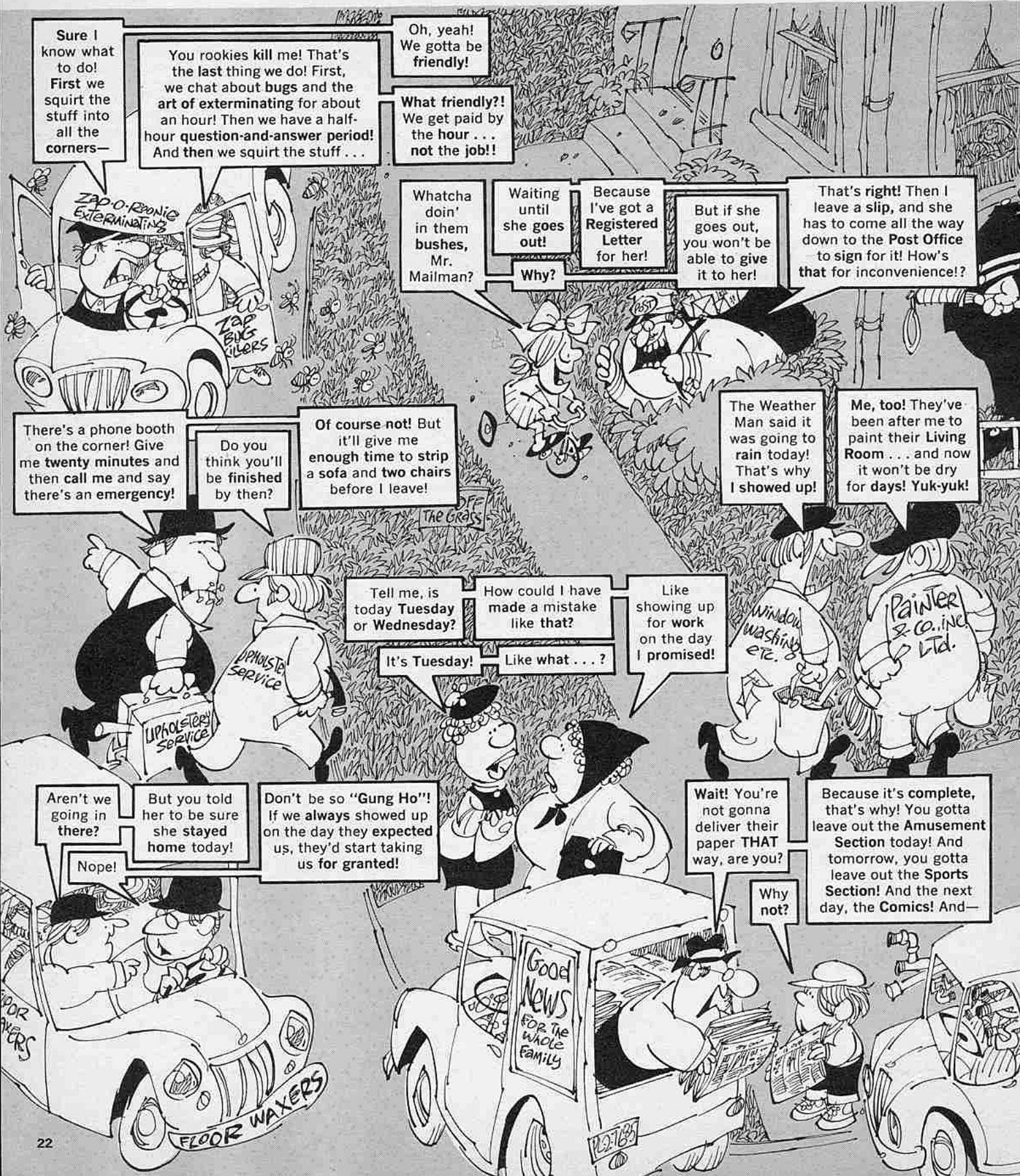


... anything but "Lassie"!

Here we go with another installment of our series which explores the hidden world where

A MAD PEEK BEHIND T

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

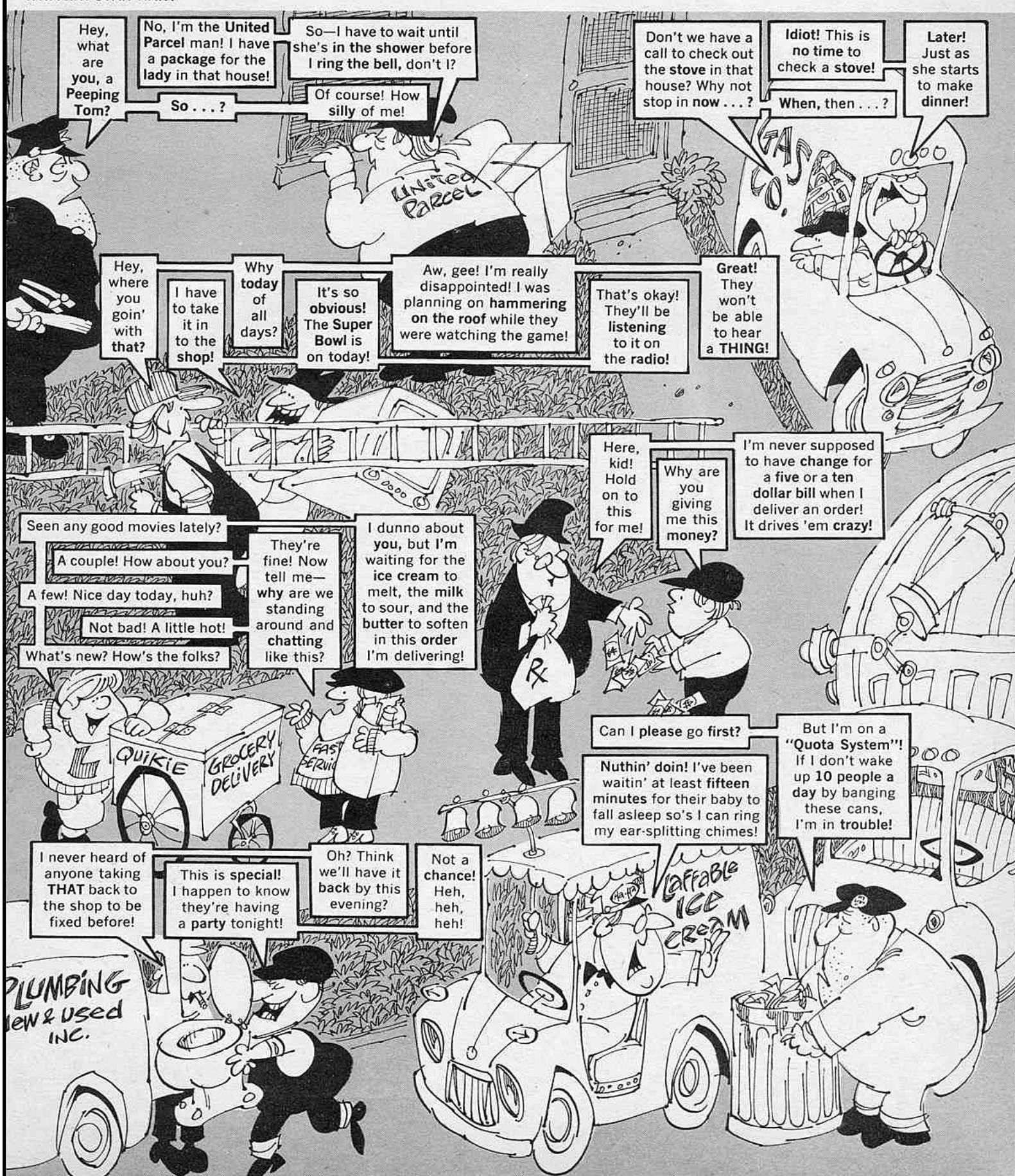


dedicated people are working tirelessly and secretly to make our lives miserable! Here's



THE SCENES of Home Services

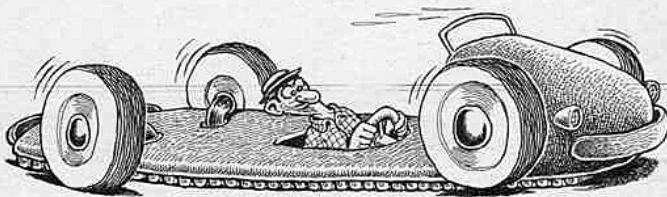
WRITER: STAN HART



SPORTS CARS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

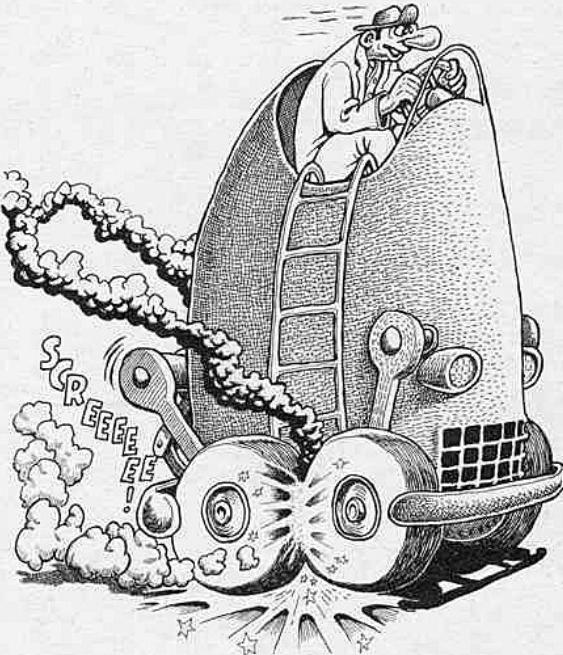


THE DRAGGING DRAGSTER



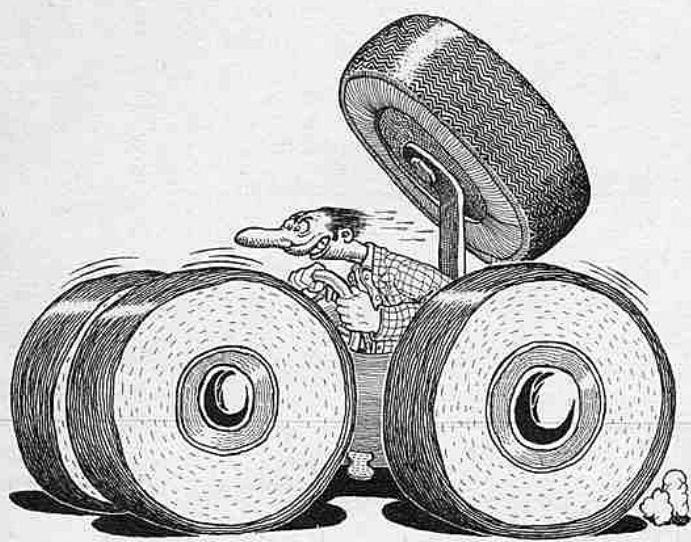
To most sports car enthusiasts, no beast is worth driving unless it is extremely low slung. Here is one design that is tops at hitting bottom. Flexible chassis slithers over ground on small rollers, causing onlookers to wonder just how low a driver can get. Not recommended for rocky roads.

THE STANLEY SCREAMER



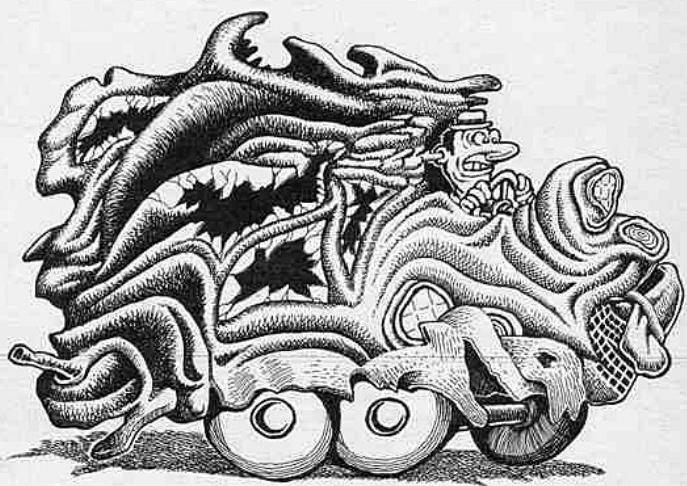
Tire manufacturers will adore this innovation in design which produces, even in slow moving traffic, the shrieks and squeals that otherwise come from gunning and skidding sports cars at high speeds. Special pedal pushes back and front wheels together so they rub against each other. Odor of burning rubber, smoke, and ear-splitting screeches are thus produced, even while car is going ten miles an hour.

THE TERRIFIC TIRE TOTER



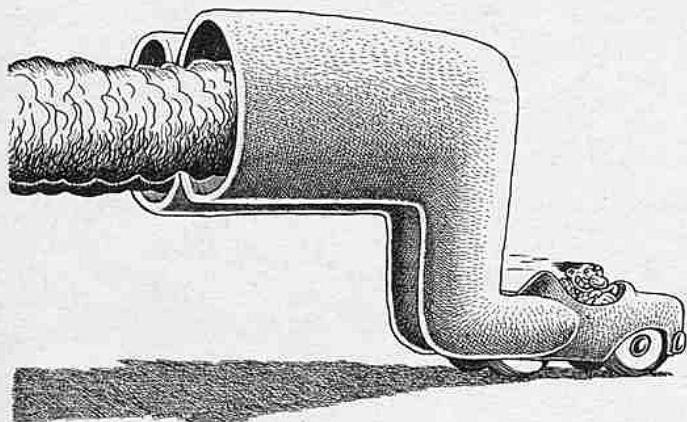
This design should be a sheer delight to those sports car enthusiasts who think mostly in terms of tires—big, wide, whirring tires. There are no distracting bumpers, fenders, etc. to hide these tires from full sight. Even the spare is in good view, because there's no room for it elsewhere.

THE BASHED-IN BOLTER



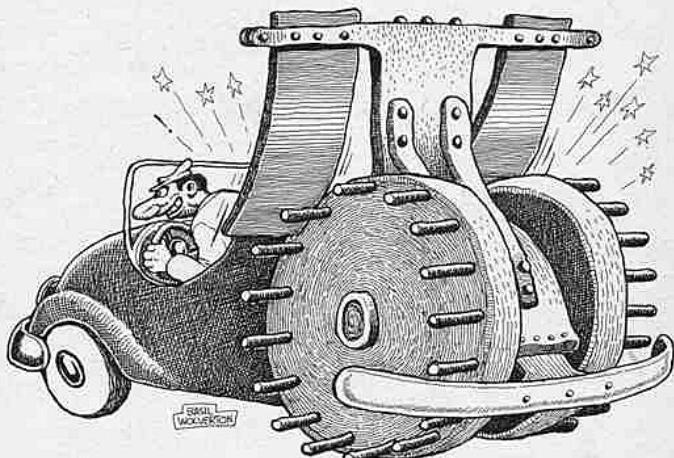
Comes direct from the factory looking like a wreck to give the impression that the driver is a hot-headed daredevil who better not be crossed. Just the thing for the timid sports car lover who wants to feel dangerous and powerful.

THE X-1 EXHAUSTER



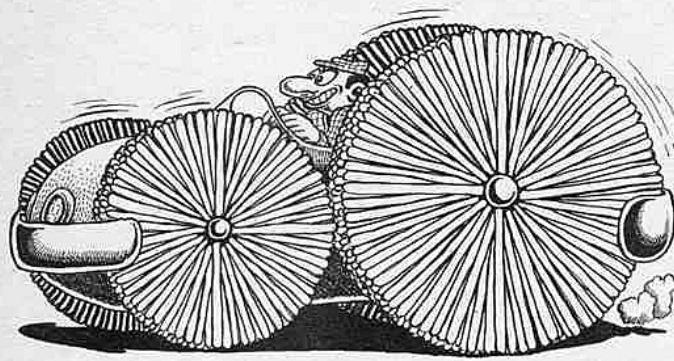
This model is designed to appeal to sports car buffs who feel that the size of the exhaust pipes together with the smoke and sounds that come from them should be emphasized. Smoke bombs and firecrackers from a special year's supply are automatically ignited every time the car is started.

THE CLASSY CLATTERER



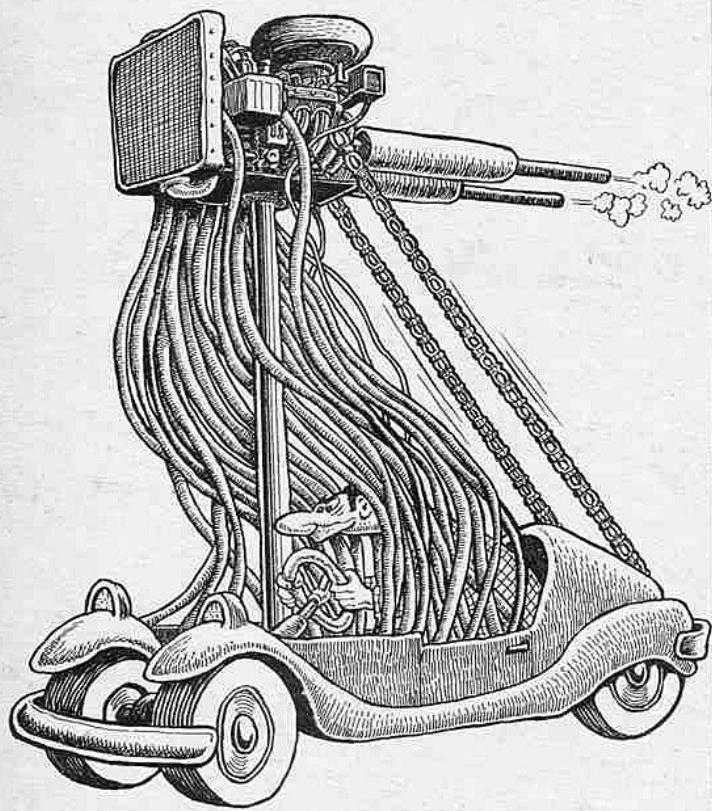
Since big sound and fury is necessary to many sports car buffs, here is the ultimate for them, based on the simple "spoke-clackers" that kids attach to the forks of their bicycles. In this model, two sheets of steel clang against heavy metal bars extending from the oversized rear wheels.

THE WIRE-SPOKE SPINNER



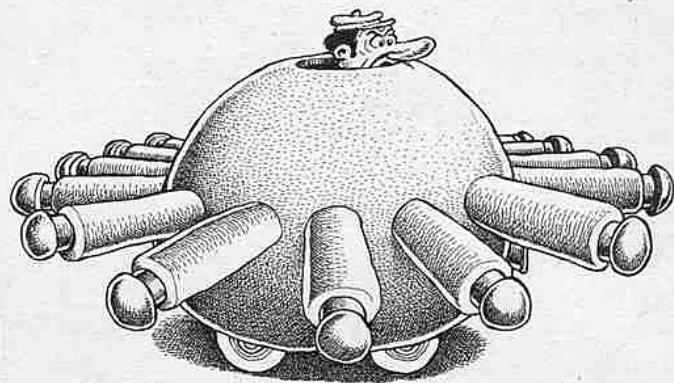
This model was especially designed for the enthusiast who feels that sports car wheels need to be nothing more than spokes. Although it isn't too speedy or smooth-riding, it has superb traction on gravel roads and slippery pavement.

THE LOFTY LURCHER



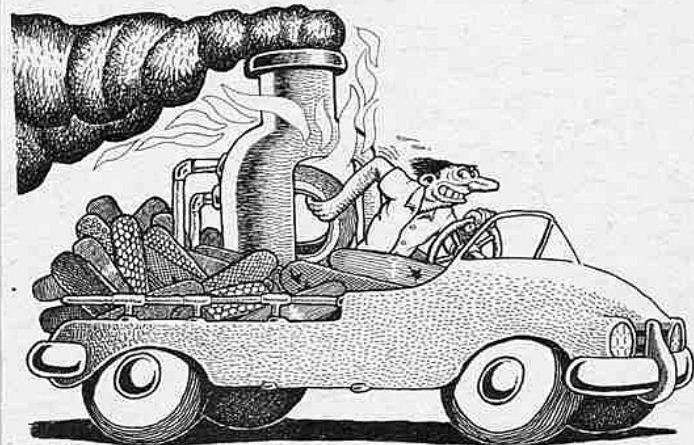
Service station attendants and garage mechanics will bust guts over this model, designed especially for drivers who believe that the power plant should be proudly displayed instead of being hidden under a hood. Drive is transferred via chain. Other functions, such as power brakes, ignition, power steering, lights, etc. present a problem in cables that is easily overcome by drivers with extra-long necks.

THE DENTLESS DASHER

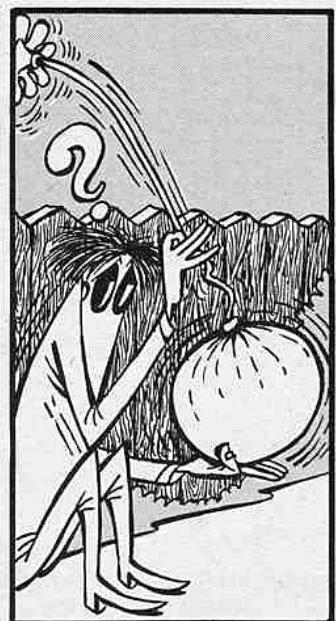
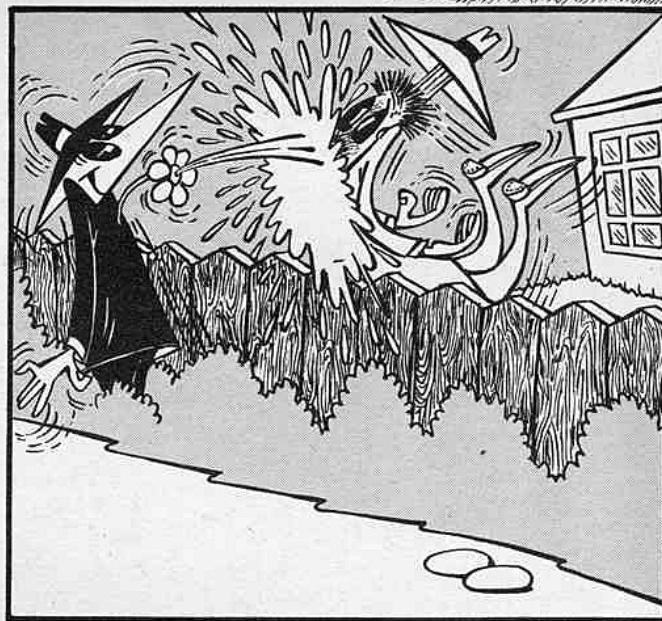


To many sports car drivers, scratches and dents in their beloved machines are marks of shame. This model will not suffer such marks because it is ringed with jack hammers, any of which automatically goes into action when touched. However, design has one drawback. Driver himself must be careful when entering car to avoid getting dented in dome.

THE STOKER STENCHER



Because sudden accelerations, hard braking and long skids never seem to produce enough stench of burning rubber for the average sports car enthusiast, we designed this model. Equipped with a furnace from an antique coal-burning fire engine, it consumes old tires stuffed into it at intervals by the driver, who can now truthfully boast that it burns more rubber than any other sports car on the road. In the event that he runs out of old tires, the driver can always burn the tires that come with the car . . . or even his shoes.



"POP" GOES THE EASEL DEPT.

Look around in Art Galleries today, and what do you see? You see paintings of soup cans and Brillo boxes and incomprehensible blobs. Let's face it: If the great Masters of the past were alive today, they wouldn't stand a chance of success as serious painters. Their stuff just wouldn't sell in our modern Galleries. And so, they'd probably have to find work in another field of Art . . . like the Comic Strips, where their stuff would be appreciated. Which brings us to this article: Let's see what might happen

IF THE WORLD'S GREAT PAINTERS DREW THE COMICS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

MEDICAL LAFFS

By Rembrandt



"On second thought, it might just be a simple headache!"

PRISSY PERCY



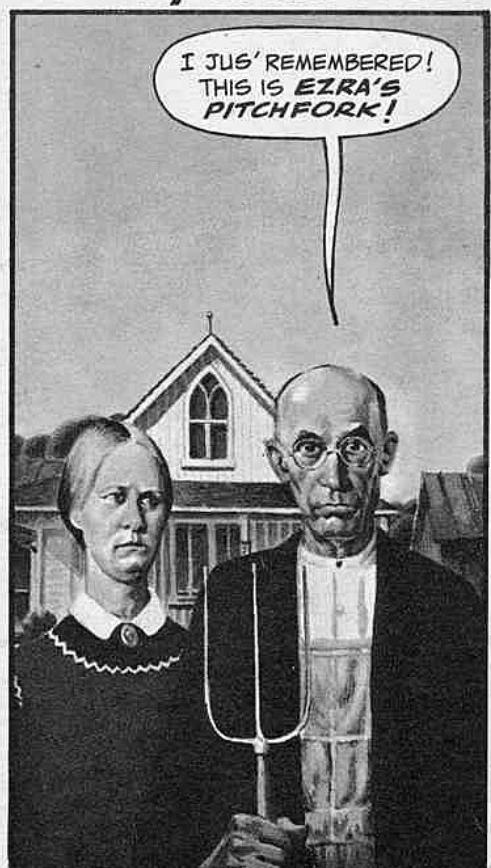
HARRIE & CARRIE



By Gainsborough



By Grant Wood



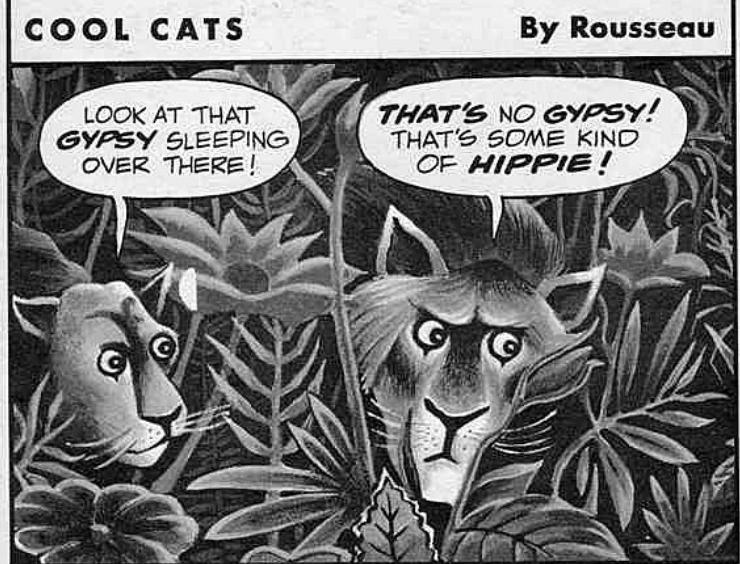
THOSE GIRLS

By Millet



COOL CATS

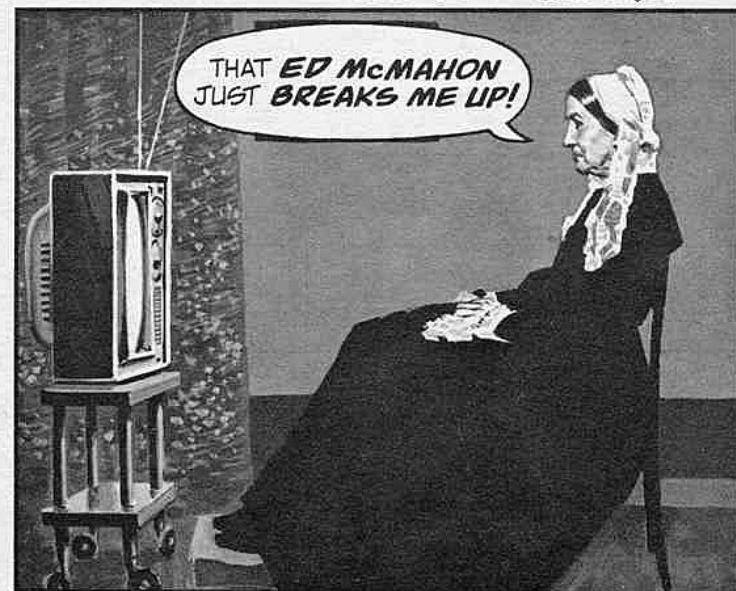
By Rousseau

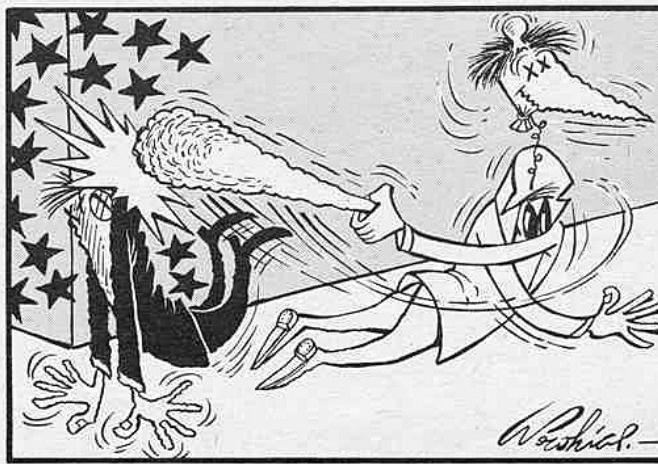
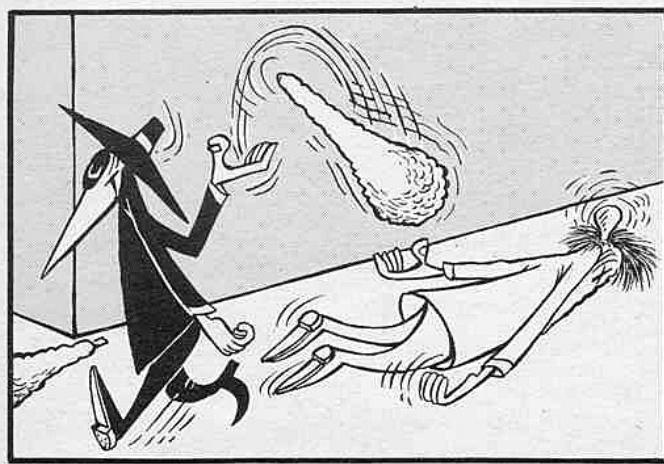
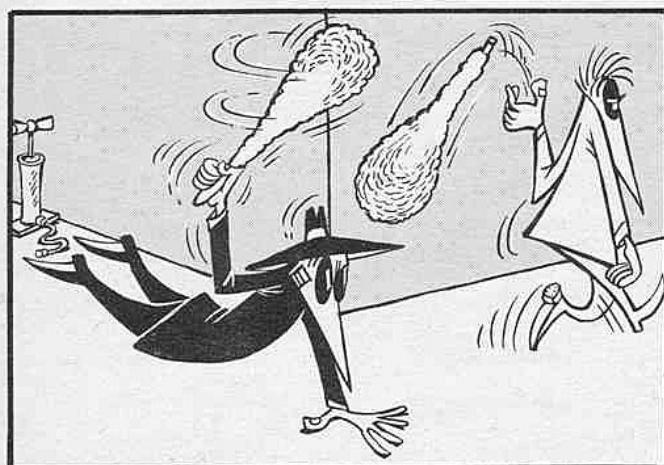
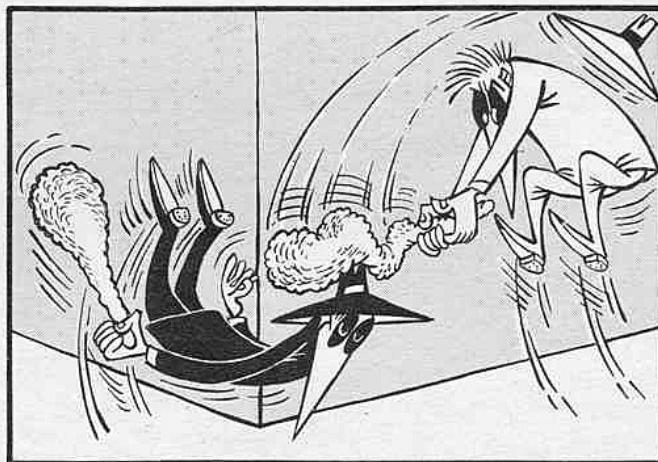
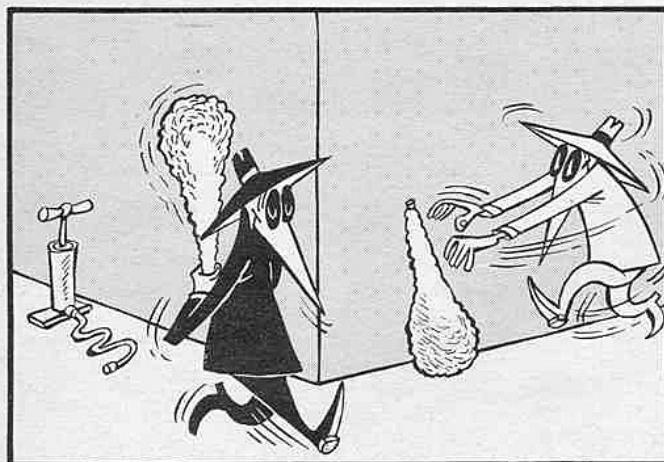
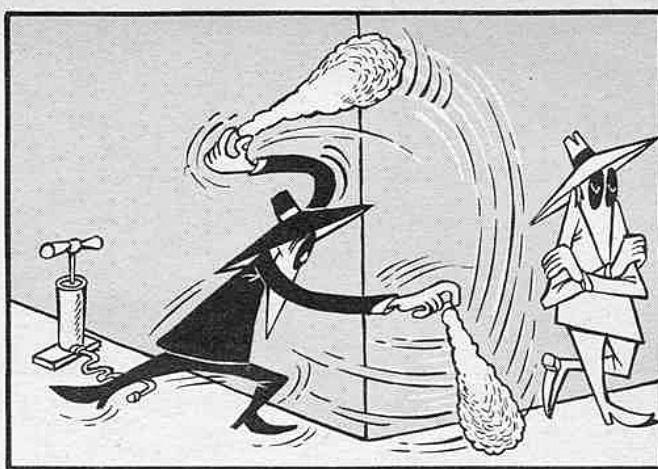
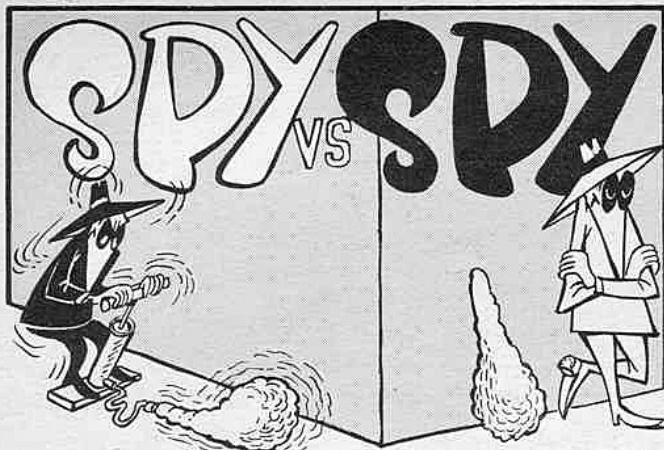


TILLIE AND HER TV

By Whistler







WE WILL BURY US! DEPT.

Today MAN is ploughing under—paving over—digging out—filling in—chopping up—and shooting down most of his natural resources without any regard to the future! Because of this, what will Man's future be like? Let's read MAD's version of . . .

**21st CENTURY
OUTDOORS MAGAZINE**

December 2003
50c
(In Plastic Coins)

HOME PROJECT:
Duplicate every variety of flower still growing in New York State in a 1' by 3' window box.

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES!!
Taken in January when the debris-ridden **HUDSON RIVER** caught fire and **burned to the bottom!**

Proper care for a lush crabgrass lawn, the "Better Than Nothing" solution!

WEATHER SECTION SPECIAL:
How you can tell **FALL** without a calendar!

TRAVEL EXPERT
Sid Ascher tells how "You can save a fortune **DRIVING FROM THE U.S.A. TO EUROPE** by following my specially prepared map of heaped-up garbage routes!"

LET'S SAVE OUR GIANT REDWOOD STUMP PARK!!!

The illustration depicts a man with a beard and a hat, dressed in a plaid shirt and jeans, standing next to a large, white-painted tree stump. He is pointing towards the stump with his right hand. The stump has a small plaque attached to its side that reads "FELLED 1965". In the foreground, there are several other stumps of varying sizes, some with similar plaques. The background features some bushes and a small signpost with a flag that says "THE END IS NEAR". The overall style is a satirical cartoon, typical of MAD magazine's humor.

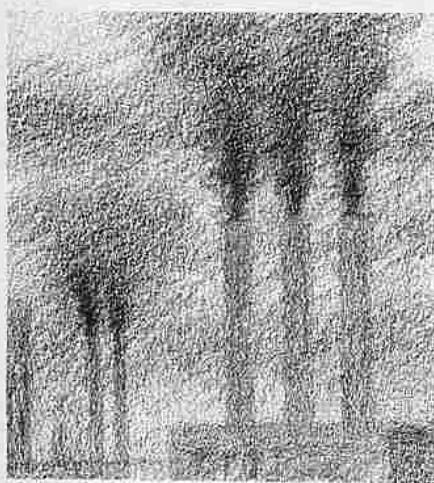
Our Letters Page



Gentlemen:

In your last issue you mentioned that we "constantly allowed air-polluting smoke to billow out of the smokestacks," (p.47, "Don't Try To Con Us, Edison Co."). We defy your magazine or anyone else to *prove* that! Visibility in the air around our plants is near zero, making it *impossible* to see our smokestacks, let alone what billows out of them!

Sally Soot
Public Relations
Carnivorous Ed. Co.



We have proof, but it would only be throwing "more coal on the fires."

Ed.

Sirs:

I think you make too much of the soot in our cities. Let's hear about something else for a change!

Morton Fenster
President
Hillside Dry Cleaning Chain

Gentlemen:

The last laugh is *ours!* Your magazine opposed our airport, stating countless times how "it would destroy the Everglades." Well, we've been here over 30 years and so have the Everglades! As a matter of fact, they're better than ever now that the pesky alligators are all gone and there are no birds and trees to interfere with landings and take-offs.

What have you got to say now?

Alan C. Debris
Director
Dade County Port Authority

Sirs:

We of the Martin Packing Co. take exception to your editorial in the October issue which mentioned us as one of the companies "dumping waste into the waterways." It is a well-known fact that fish and other forms of water life *thrive* on garbage! And we are supplying it free of charge! If they don't want it and would rather become extinct, that's *their* problem, not ours!

R. J. Martin
President
Martin Packing Co.

Sirs:

As Game Warden of LaGoone Township, I would appreciate your printing this letter of appeal to your readers. Like most other lakes throughout the country, LaGoone Lake has been "fished out" for years, but our well-stocked supply of tires and boots kept anglers busy, if not entirely satisfied. Now, it would appear that our last tire was caught several months ago, and our galoshes border on extinction. We're hoping some of your sympathetic readers will respond to our call with donations from their attics, basements, and garages. Without their help, I'm afraid I won't be able to sell many more fishing licenses (at \$25 per year).

Yours in conservation,
Lloyd (Lefty) Fishman
Albany, New York



COVER STORY: The Editors make this appeal to the Department of the Interior in hope they will decline the proposition before them now which would mean the reduction of the "Giant Redwood Stump Park" from 200 acres to 5 acres. 21st CENTURY OUTDOORS MAGAZINE believes this park should be saved for the sheer magnificence of seeing the remains of these trees which once grew over 150 ft. tall. And we refute the lumber industry and their powerful lobby who make the claim that a sawdust and toothpick shortage would imperil the nation's economy!



Monthly Editorial

It has come to this magazine's attention that most states require boats with heads ("johns", for you land-lubbers) to use a *holding tank*. This was basically a step in the right direction, for holding tanks have no outside connections and therefore no wastes go into the water. However, we have also learned that most states have made no facilities for emptying holding tanks, leaving boatmen with no alternative than to empty them by *dumping* them into the water.

Until adequate steps are taken to alleviate this problem, "21st CENTURY OUTDOORS MAGAZINE" suggests that boatmen empty their holding tanks in the lobby of the Waterways Planning Commission. It might prompt them to faster action.

Calendar of Up-Coming Sports Events



June 17-19th....Opening of Baseball Season. Again, just as last year, it looked like Baseball wasn't going to open because there was no area large enough to play, but at the very last minute a fine citizen volunteered the space. This year's first game will be played in Frank Adduci's basement, 67 Grant Street, New York City.

June 28-29th....National Oil Slick Surfing Competition, Santa Barbara, Calif.

July 1-4th.....East Coast Invitational Garbage-Mobile Tournament. This sport is growing almost as fast as the garbage piles. Thrill to the sport of driving bulldozers through garbage drifts! Novices will plough through fresh garbage 2 feet thick. Pros will challenge each other in two and three month old heaps of garbage packed 30 to 40 feet deep. Admission \$6.00. Nose-Plugs \$2.00.

July 4th.....Kite-Flying Contest. Since kites must be visible at all times for judges to see, no entry with more than a 5' string will be accepted.

Jan 1st.....Tournament of Rose Parade. This year's rose is a beauty. It will be driven through town on a huge float, encased in magnifying glass, so all can get a good look.

THE DAY I GATHERED MY GUTS AND CLIMBED MOUNT McKINLEY



by Steel Nurus

WHAT IS IT that makes a man forget that he is only a human being and not a god, and makes him leave his good senses behind and risk all? Is it for the chance to look into the mirror and see the reflection of a man who has conquered "the 'ol rockpile", (the name mountain climbers affectionately refer to Mount McKinley)? Or is it for the chance to impress someone else? I don't know! I only know what I know, and sometimes not even that! But I do remember the night I made up my mind to do it.

It was a Thursday, or maybe a Monday night. I was burning artificial logs in my artificial fireplace and staring into the artificial flames, when a voice from within said "Do it! Climb the 'ol Rockpile, Steel! Prove your manhood to yourself and the world. Betcha can't! Betcha can't! Ha-ha-ha!" Well, nobody says that to *me* and gets away with it, not even me! That night I planned my climb and tried not to notice that my hands were icy and clammy. They shook as I wrote a list of the gear I'd need for the ascent. "Don't sweat it, Steel!", I told myself. "Industry has carted away so much rock and timber and minerals and soil and vegetation that it isn't as dangerous as it used to be!" But I didn't believe my own words, knowing I lie sometimes. I would do it that next morning and get it over with. I would start at 11:45 AM so I could be back down by Noon. I would need 10 feet of rope, sneakers, and maybe a camera to record the view for posterity (for if the smog isn't too low, it is said you can see 30 to 40 feet in any direction). Also, I would

(Continued on Page 72)

The INQUIRING PHOTOGRAPHER

This month's picture quiz was submitted by Eric Chipneal, Wessel, Arizona



The question "What is this?" was asked of passers-by in Journal Square, New Jersey. A photograph of the object in question appears above.



I don't know, but when I touched it, it pricked my finger. Is it colored barbed wire?

Judy De Lizza
Wurtsboro, N.Y.



My parents used to tell me about something called "spinach" that grew in their day. Is this it?

Joe Theismann,
South River, Ore.



I know what it is. A long green stem with a red top—it's a radish!

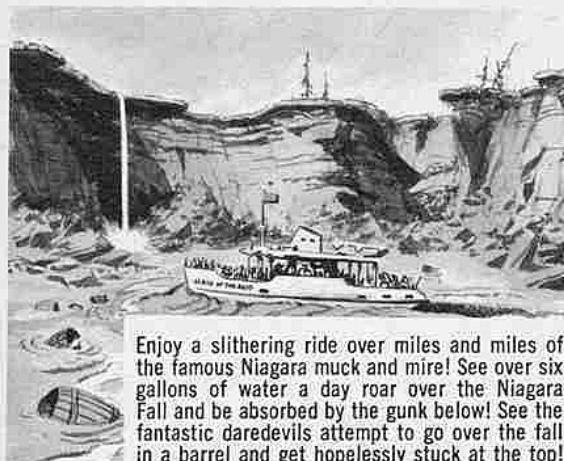
Carla Zammarieni
Milan, Wisconsin



My buddy here says it's a rose, but you can't fool me! First of all, it's not made of plastic. Secondly, it smells sweet. Roses are plastic and have no odor!

Bob Olson & Tom Gatewood
South Bend, Ind.

Come to NIAGARA FALL and ride the exciting "MAID of the MUD"



Enjoy a slithering ride over miles and miles of the famous Niagara muck and mire! See over six gallons of water a day roar over the Niagara Fall and be absorbed by the gunk below! See the fantastic daredevils attempt to go over the fall in a barrel and get hopelessly stuck at the top!

NIAGARA FALL—a trip you can't easily forget!

Springtime
Fresh
BOTTLED
WATER



Almost clear, almost colorless, "Springtime Fresh" Bottled Water contains only 20% of the oil, chemicals, and residue usually found in ordinary home tap water.

"Springtime Fresh" is so pure it can actually be drunk with a straw without fear of clogging!

Handle it without rubber gloves! Drink it without boiling it first!

"Springtime Fresh" Bottled Water
"It takes you back to the '50s"

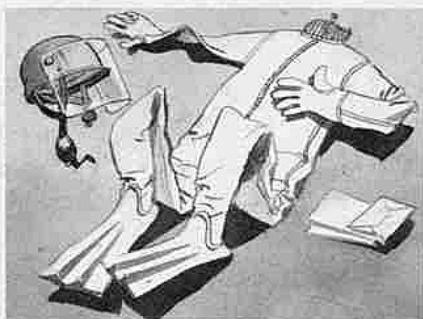
The Outdoorsman Shopper

From SCUBA THINGS, INC. comes "Visibility Zero," a new face mask featuring a solid black face plate to immediately familiarize the beginner with the existing conditions he'll face in our country's lakes, rivers and ocean shore areas.



No family who likes to camp outdoors should be without the "Sans Soil Wall Tent," engineered to stand erect in most weather conditions without relying on trees (which you never seem to find when you need one!). Tent pegs are, of course, carbon tipped so they can be driven into the concrete surfacing of any camping area.

Don't let that canoe or row boat rot away! "WHEEL AWAY" has just come up with an adjustable set of wheels that will fit almost any boat up to 20 feet. Take your kids for the "boat ride" they always pester you for without fear of entering the (yecch!) water!



And while we're on the subject, COVER-UP, Inc. has designed the first practical bathing suit we have come across in years! Made of a new miracle alloy, this suit will keep out insecticides, pesticides, and all other chemicals dumped "safely" into the water. A water-proof crash helmet protects you against refuse dumped by individuals and a Nausea bag awaits your reaction to whatever else you come across!

"On Target" is a cleverly titled device engineered by SKY-HIGH, Ltd. Worn on the wrist like a watch, this gadget should bring back that popular sport of the '60s called "sky diving." The device enables a parachuter to pinpoint his landing area by the use of radio waves, now that the atmosphere is too dense to see through.



"21st Century Outdoors Magazine"

interviews

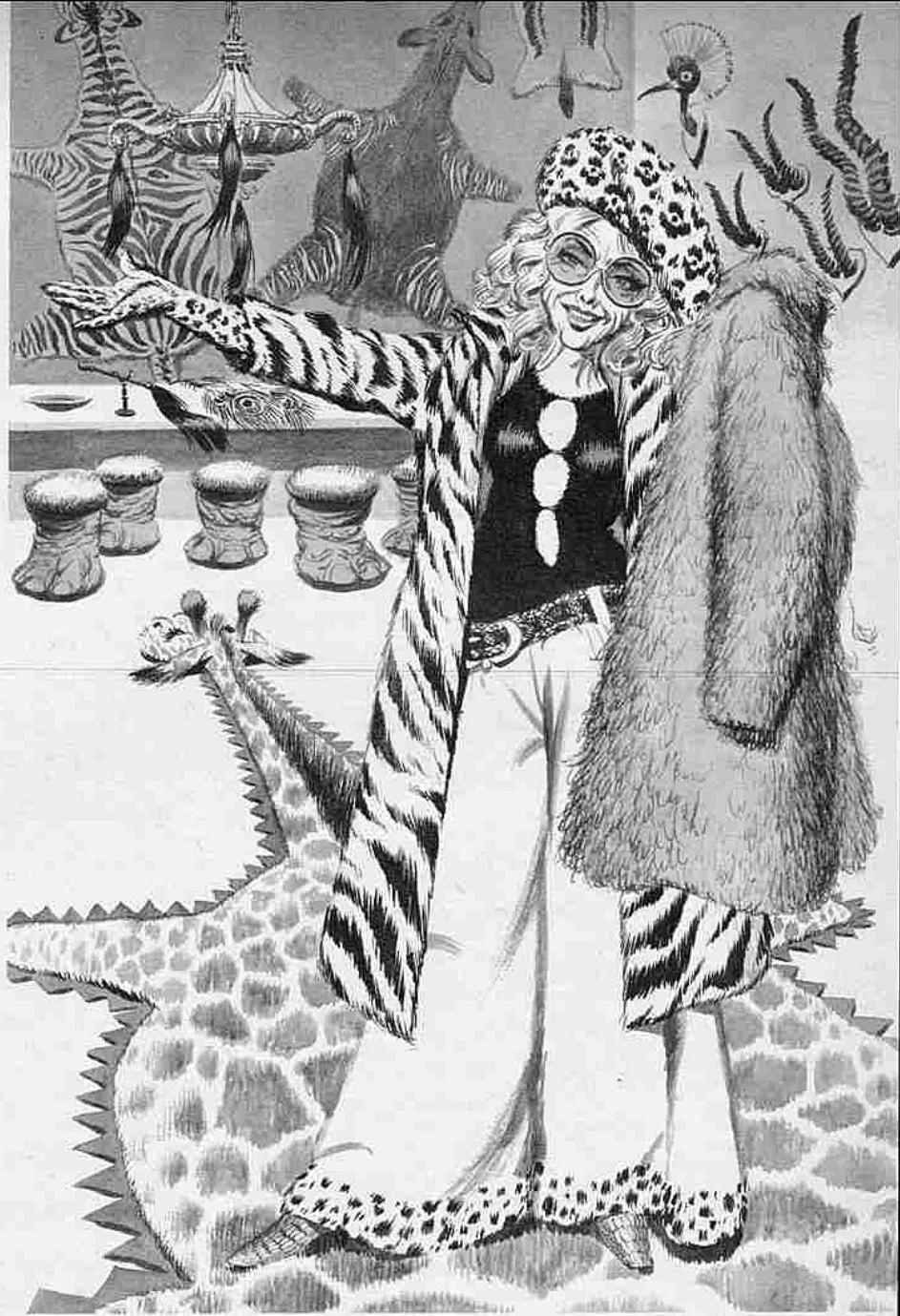
Loreen Taylor, Fashion Designer of the Month

"No one has felt the loss of rapidly diminishing animal species more than I have," said Miss Taylor, a leading authority on today's fashion modes. "It is becoming more and more difficult to come up with something original, like this stunning outfit I'm wearing," continued the lovely expert, modeling her full length tiger coat, cheetah trimmed slacks, alligator shoes, and sealskin blouse. Her hat and gloves were of matching leopard skin.

We were then led into her fashion design studio, passing through her African motif den, complete with eland horn coat racks, elephant leg bar stools, and giraffe skin rug.

"This is my newest creation," Miss Taylor said proudly. "A pigeon bathrobe. It takes a few hundred pigeons to make each one, and it may be a trifle garish, but when you have so few things left to work with the task is not easy, let me tell you."

And what does the future have in store for Loreen Taylor? "Well, I have been experimenting with fashions from rat hides, but I'll admit I don't particularly enjoy the work. Rats are horrible little things—they seem to have no regard or respect for human beings."



Question Markings by Professor Donald Holden

What was the biggest fish caught last year?

Murray Abraham,
Florida.

The biggest fish caught last year was a whopping 4 oz. salmon. It was bagged by Tim Gillete, who didn't even use a rod and reel for his record catch. Mr. Gillette just happened to be passing by when the salmon, swimming upstream, was knocked ashore by a rusty, abandoned Greyhound bus which was being washed downstream.

I recently inherited a set of golf clubs from a departed uncle who was quite proficient at this sport in his youth.

Unfortunately, I don't know where the game can be played today. Can you help me?

Ray Pichon,
New York City

There is a two-hole golf course in what is left of the Bluegrass section of Kentucky. But you'd better plan to get there early, as there is a long wait. About 30 days early.

* * * * *

Is it true that no two pieces of soot are ever alike?

Zoltan Zandar
Stockbridge, Mass.

You are thinking of snowflakes, which are all different. Soot is generally all the

same. However, you still need a microscope to tell the difference, as snow, while passing through all the soot, turns the same color.

* * * * *

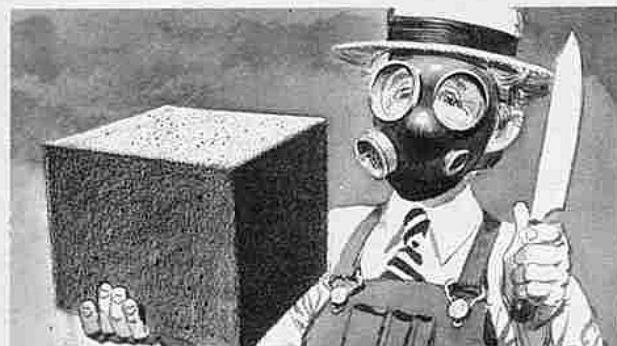
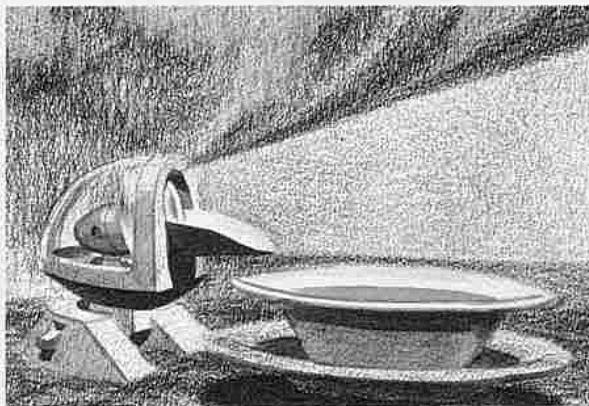
I can no longer obtain a map of California's Freeways from local gas stations. Are they being "brought up to date" again?

Jonas Aarons,
Sherman Oaks, California

Not really. Within the next 3 months California will have paved over what few acres are left without concrete, making the state virtually "one enormous freeway". Drive in any direction you wish and there will be a road under you.

Places To Go & Things To Bring...

All of you outdoor restaurant buffs will delight at this latest creation from POLLUTION PLUS called the "Soot Swoosher." An absolute necessity for Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Butte, etc., it fits in your pocket and blows a highly concentrated upward current of air that positively won't cool off your food as it prevents soot, cinders and debris from settling on your plate.



If you're going to be visiting the Grand Canyon this month, color film is the only film to take along. Your eyes will be dazzled at the impact of the rainbow of beauty to be seen there—perhaps 500 different shades and hues of every conceivable color can be found in the accumulation of empty soda and beer cans that

line the canyon to within two feet of the rim. The view is especially impressive at sunset when whatever rays of the sun not blocked out by the smog, reflect against the metal and broken glass of over thirty billion discarded containers. It certainly makes every other refuse-lined natural wonder pale by comparison!



**"21st Century
Outdoors Magazine"**

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR RENT

Beautiful 5 room house in the country. Nearest neighbor over 26 feet away! Zoning laws require occupancy of only 3 families or 18 people, whichever comes first. Write: Sardine Estates, Masten Lake, New York

FOR SALE

Cheap! It's all got to go! Tons of fishing tackle yours for practically free for any clever businessman who can think up a use for it. Start your own business, be your own boss. Write Marty Kohn, Box 44, Candlewood Lake, Connecticut.

High power binoculars. Once considered useless for today's atmosphere, VIEW-PLUS has come up with a brilliant slide-viewing attachment that clips over lenses, enabling you to see landscapes, animals, and other interesting old photos up close. VIEW-PLUS, Chicago, Illinois.

Saddles! Remember them from old Western movies and such? Well, we've got 200 high-grade beauties for sale as hassocks, model train tunnels, etc., which you can pick up for a song. Like \$2.00 each! Or 3 for \$5.00! Or a buck a shot for orders over 10! But move fast—we will not accept orders past 3 years from this month! Tumbleweed Shop, Tucson, Arizona.

Wonderful, docile pets—CHEAP! These animals come to us direct from our make-up testing laboratories, and except for blindness or other minor afflictions caused by hair sprays, mascara, etc. make extremely gentle pets. Animals driven mad by experiments not included in this group. Labs Unlimited, Rock Bottom, Mississippi.

WANTED

Dogs, cats, rabbits, etc. are needed by testing labs for very important experiments on products used for cosmetic consumption. We don't pay much, but rest assured that we will do our best to find your animal a decent home when we're through with him (see ad above). Labs Unlimited, Rock Bottom, Mississippi.

SIGHTSEEING TOURS

Grab your camera and get set to film lions, tigers, giraffes and other fantastic creatures on a never-to-be-forgotten safari through the Wildlife Wax Museum, Route #17, New Jersey, (near the Lodi traffic circle).

DOUBLE-TALK DEPT.

Politicians, celebrities, teachers, parents, businessmen . . . they're all making important statements these days. The trouble is, they usually say one thing, but mean another! And there's nobody around to translate for you ordinary clods! Except maybe us, the fearless men of MAD! (Who's around to translate the statements we make that say one thing and mean something else is another problem!) Anyway, back in issue #97, we ran an article which translated some of these statements. Now, here are more examples of the difference between—

WHAT THEY SAY... AND WHAT IT REALLY MEANS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: GEORGE HART

WHEN THEY SAY...



IT REALLY MEANS...



WHEN THEY SAY...



IT REALLY MEANS...



WHEN THEY SAY...



IT REALLY MEANS...



WHEN THEY SAY...

The legalization of Marijuana would be a national calamity!

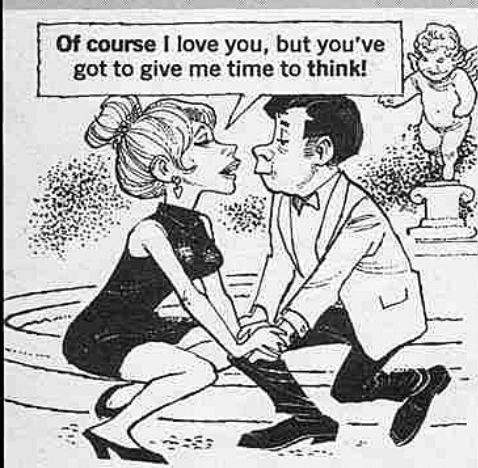


IT REALLY MEANS...

I own a liquor store!



Of course I love you, but you've got to give me time to think!



I want to shop around a little more!



The pot roast is very good tonight!



We can't give it away!



It could have been a lot worse!

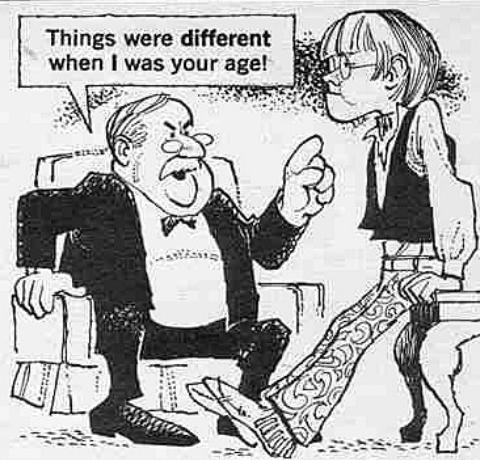


It could have been me!



WHEN THEY SAY...

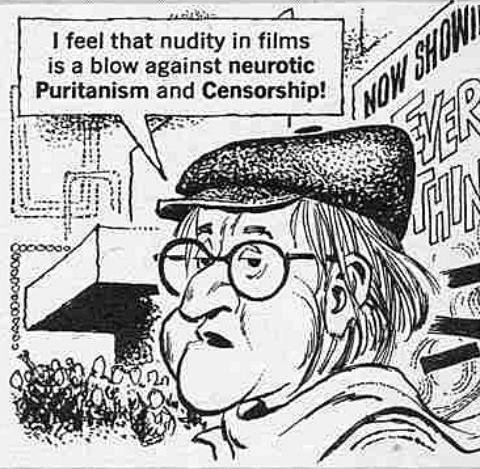
Things were different when I was your age!



Sounds like you could use a tune-up!



I feel that nudity in films is a blow against neurotic Puritanism and Censorship!



Please . . . I don't want to hear any gossip or idle rumors!



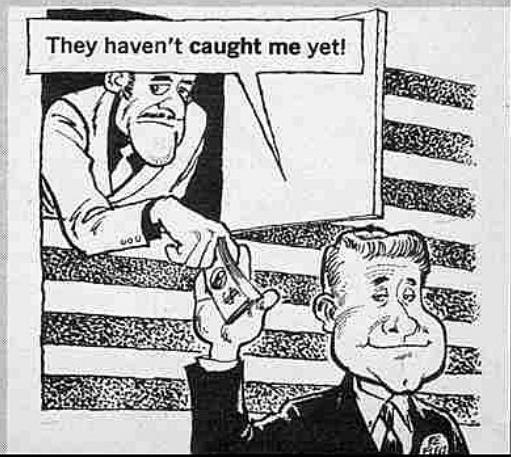
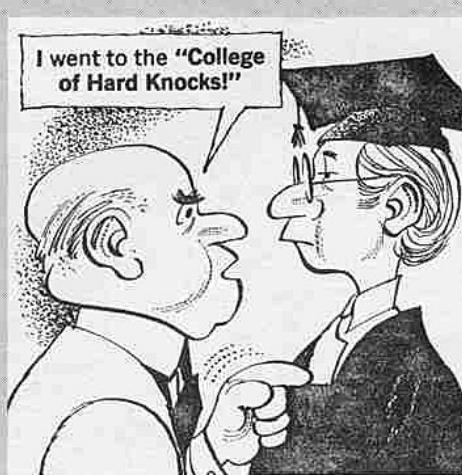
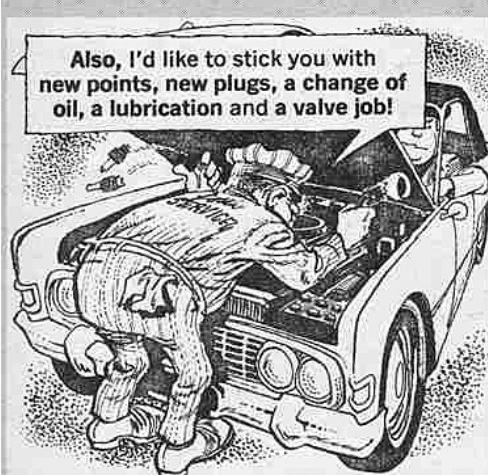
IT REALLY MEANS...



WHEN THEY SAY...

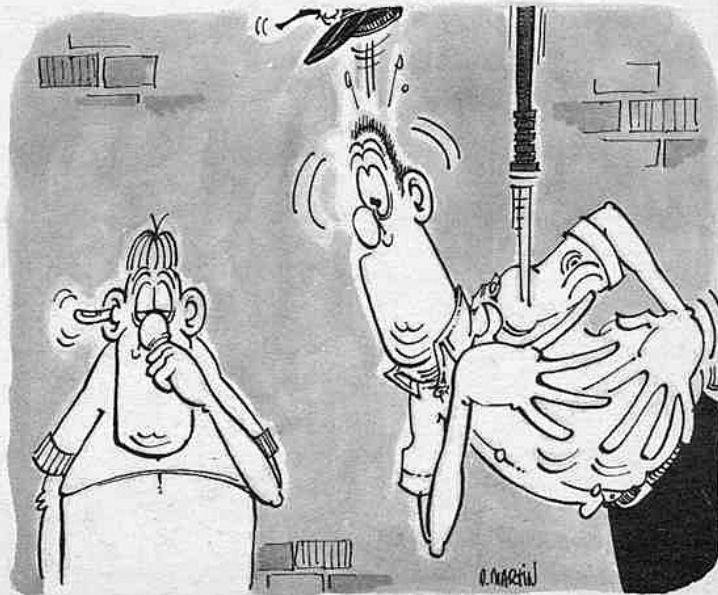
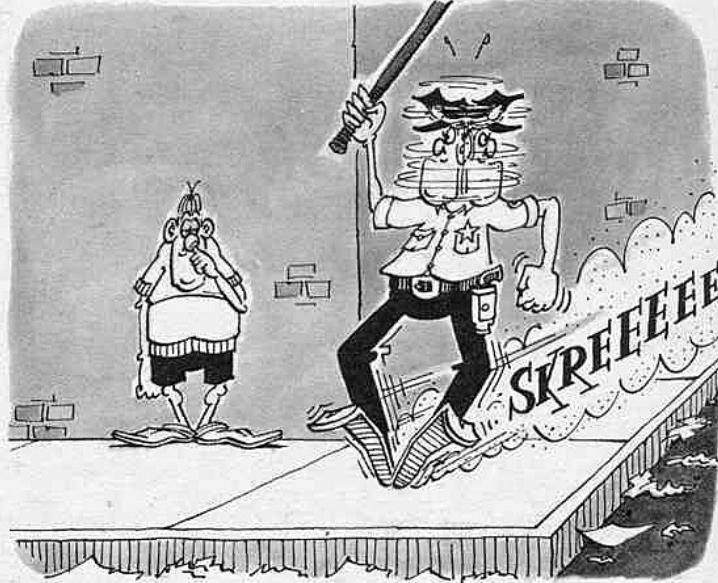
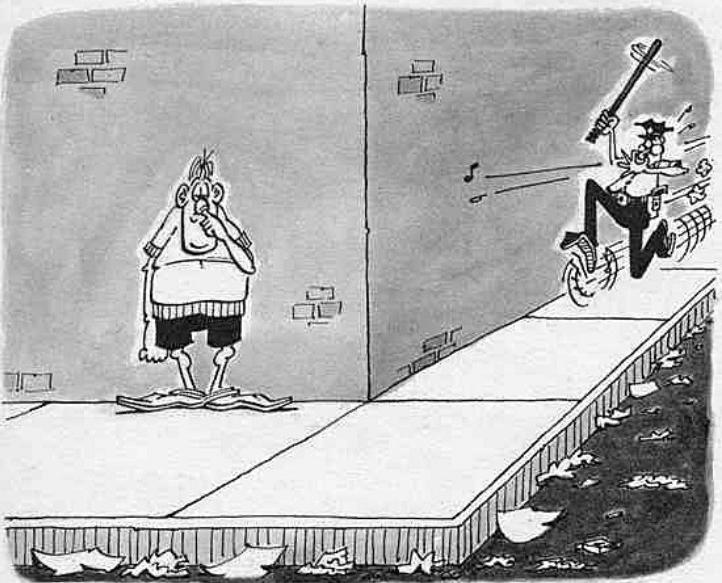
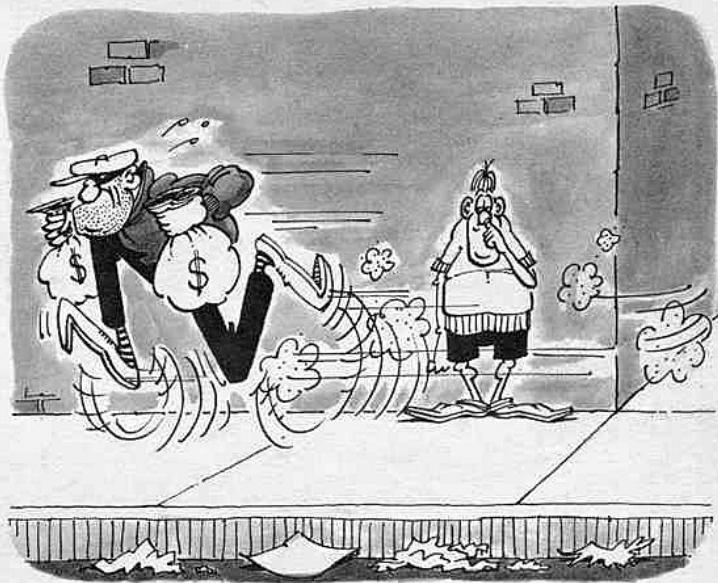
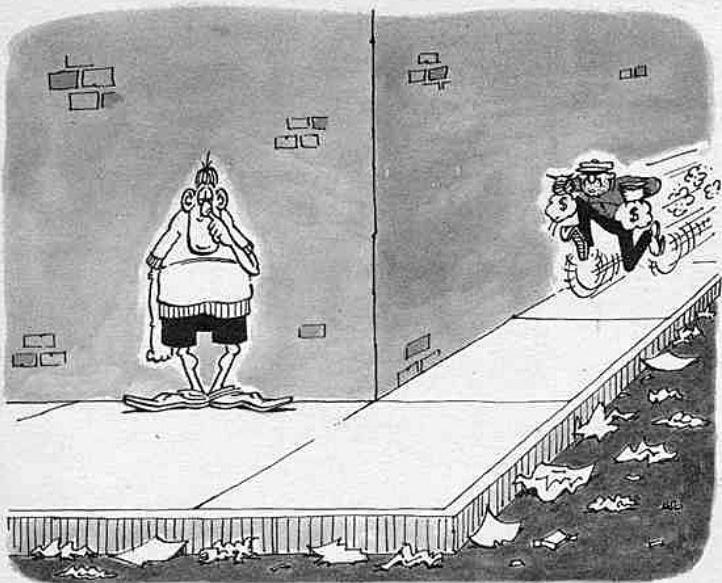


IT REALLY MEANS...





WHILE HANGING AROUND THE CORNER



THE STERILE CUCKOOS DEPT.

There have been a lot of "Medical Shows" on television that depict efficient hospitals using the latest sophisticated equipment, and specialists who have deep concern for their patients, and nurses who would never dream of waking anyone to give them a sleeping pill. In other words, there have been a lot of *unbelievable* "Medical Shows" on television. However, now there is a new show on television which portrays an old fashioned doctor...a doctor who makes house calls...a doctor who treats each patient with kindness and consideration...a doctor who carefully explains what he is doing...a doctor who has an eager young associate. In other words, *ANOTHER* *unbelievable* "Medical Show". And here is MAD's *unbelievable* satire, called...

MAKEUS SICKBY M.D.

Only 30 seconds left to play, folks . . . and the score is tied! If Richie Craven can make this shot he'll have wrapped up the Eastern Divisional Title!

Quite an exciting moment, eh, Doctor!

Well, kind of! Have you—er—always been this emotional about Tiddly-Winks?

Not really! But Richard Craven is a patient of mine! I was there when the stork brought him . . .

The STORK?! Aw, c'mon!

Then you KNOW the—uh—the REAL way that babies come into the world?

Of course I do! I'm a Doctor, aren't I?! I went to Medical School, didn't I?! I subscribe to Reader's Digest, don't I?!



If Richie makes this last shot, he'll be playing in the Tiddly Open next week! He's drawing back his thumb . . . he's shooting . . .

OWWWWWWW!
OOH!
MY THUMB!!

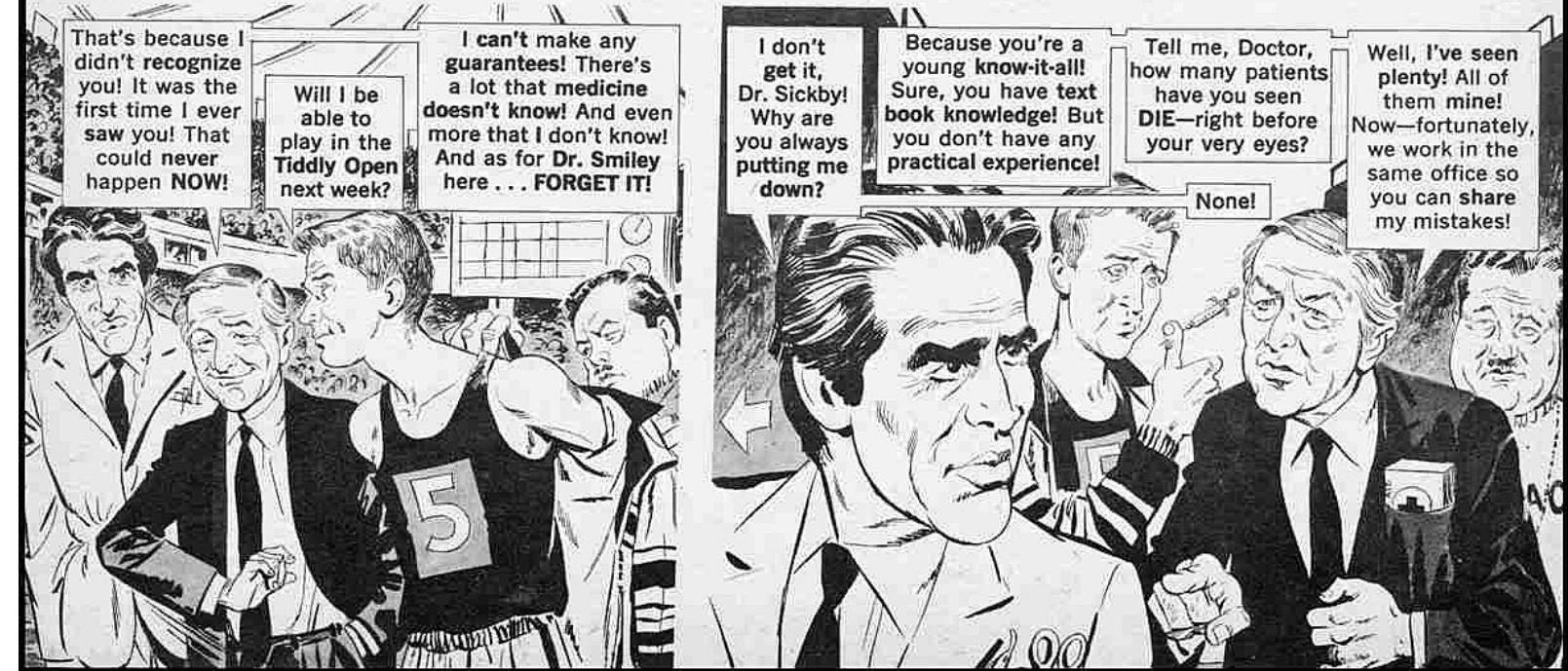
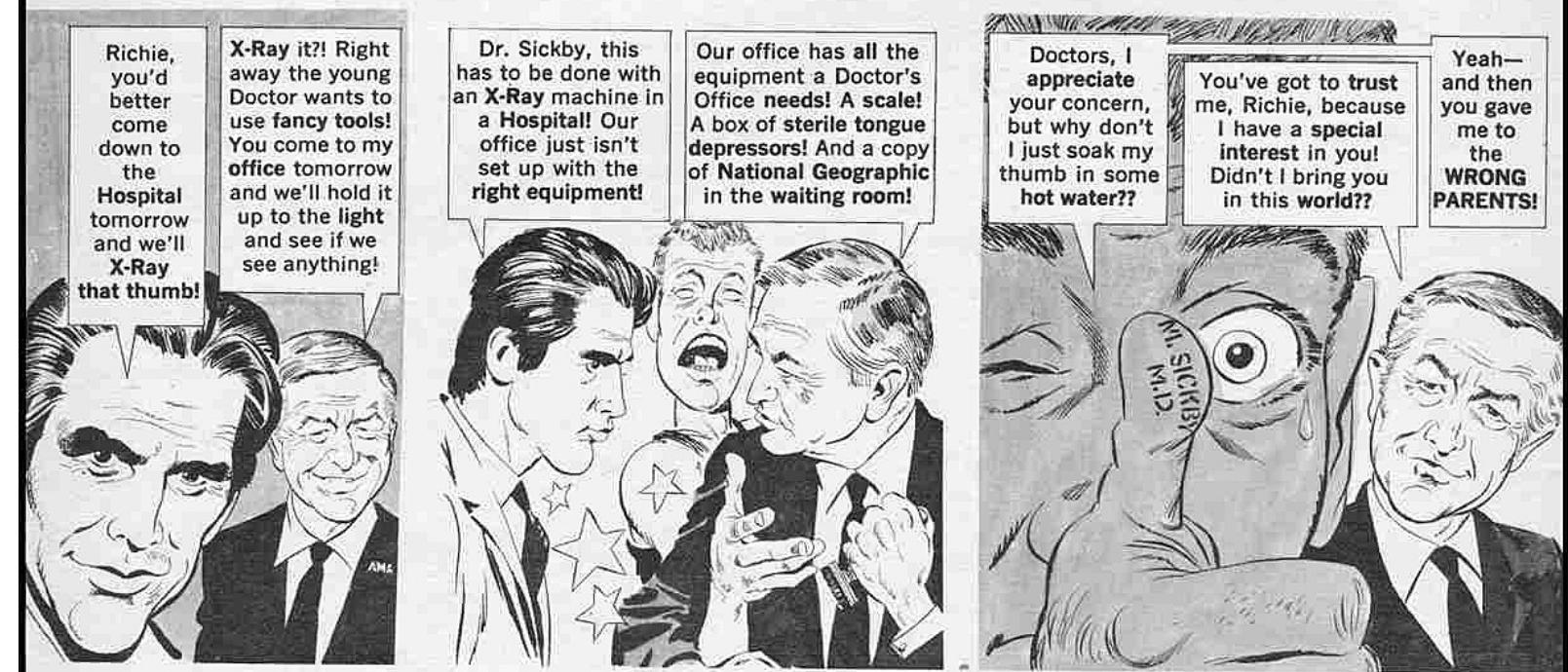
Something is wrong, folks! Richie made his shot perfectly, but he seems to have injured his thumb! He's in agony . . .

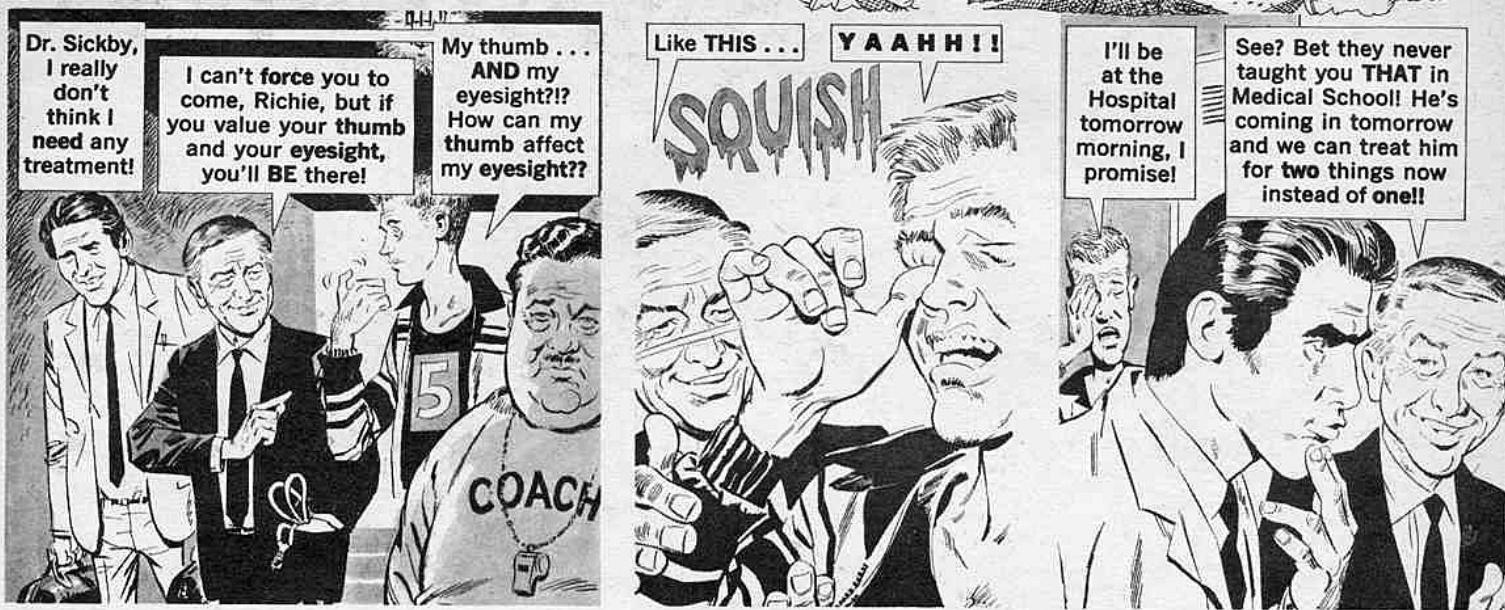
Out of my way!
Out of my way!
I'm a DOCTOR!!

Yeah?
So where are your golf clubs?

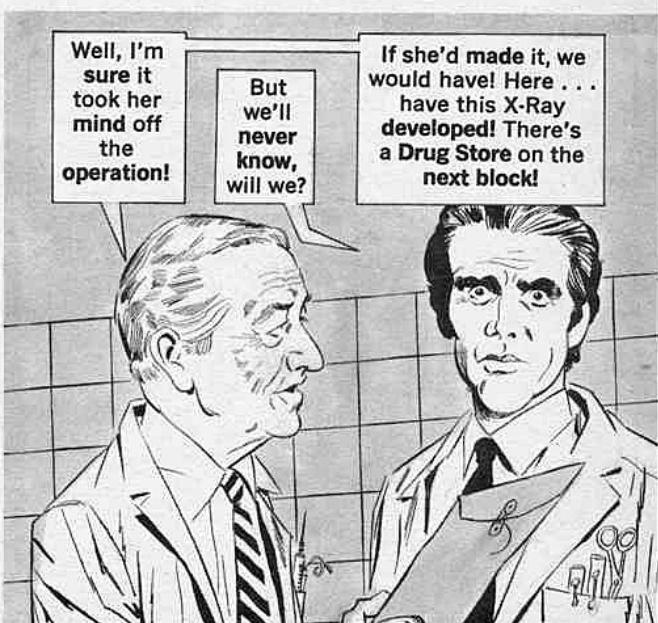
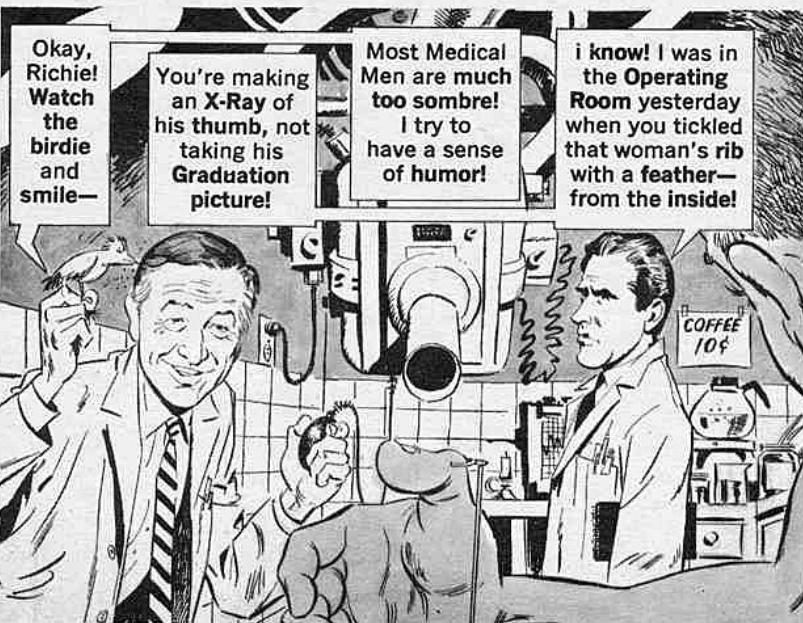
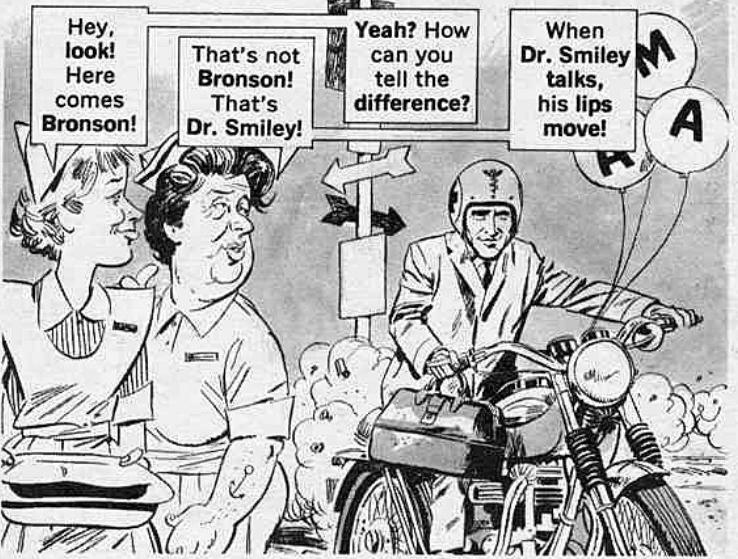
I'm carrying a little black bag, aren't I?
Big deal!
Today, a lot of guys go around carrying little black bags!







THE NEXT MORNING . . .



Dr. Sickby, I've just got to be in the Tiddly Open next week! If I win, I'll have enough money to go to College!

Richie, all I can say is . . . I'll do my best!

Well, Goodbye, College!!

Hmmmm! Just as I thought! You have an inflamed yecch!

What's a yecch?

Here . . . I'll show you! This is an X-Ray of what a normal thumb should look like . . .

And this is an X-Ray of YOUR thumb!

Now you know what a Yecch is!

YECCH!!

You'll need Physical Therapy to get that thumb back to health again, Richie! I've given Dr. Smiley some special exercises I want you to do! Do them faithfully! I want you to get well because I have a special interest in you! After all, I—

I know, Dr. Sickby, and I appreciate it! And my Mother and Father . . . whoever they might be . . . appreciate it, too!

Okay, Richie . . . we might as well get started with those thumb exercises . . .

Hi! I'm Brenda! I'm Richie's girlfriend! May I kiss him?

It would be better if you didn't! Germs, y'know!

However, you can kiss me! I had my lips sterilized this morning!

Oh, well . . . if it's Doctor's orders!



Wow! You kiss great! How about a date tonight?

No!

Tomorrow night?

No . . . I can't! I'm afraid I'm Richie's till the end!

That's swell! He's Dr. Sickby's patient! With him on the case, we may be dating sooner than you think!

Are you kidding??

It's one of the therapy exercises Dr. Sickby ordered!!



Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie!
He stuck in his thumb ...

And pulled out a plum . . .
And said
"What a good boy am I!"

Excellent! Now, here are thirty
more pies! Each pie has twenty
plums in it! After I leave, you
continue this exercise until you
have all six hundred plums!

Now! Here are sixty pictures,
and sixty thumb tacks! After
I leave, you tack up all sixty
pictures! You're going to have
to exert a lot of pressure . . .
because that wall is cement!



SEVERAL STRENUOUS DAYS LATER . . .

Now! You're stuck on a lonely road without gas and you've got to hitch a ride . . .

Hi, Dr. Sickby! I'm glad I ran into you! I haven't had a chance to give you a cigar and thank you for delivering our baby . . .

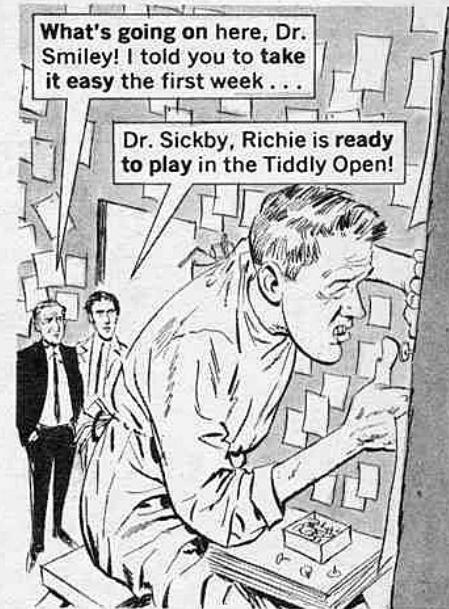
Oh, yes!
How is the little girl?

GIRL?!!
You gave us a boy!

BOY?!! Oh, so that's who I gave him to?! I hope you like him!

But . . .

I haven't got any more time to talk now, but if you're really unhappy with the baby, you can turn him in within seven days as long as you have my paid receipt . . .

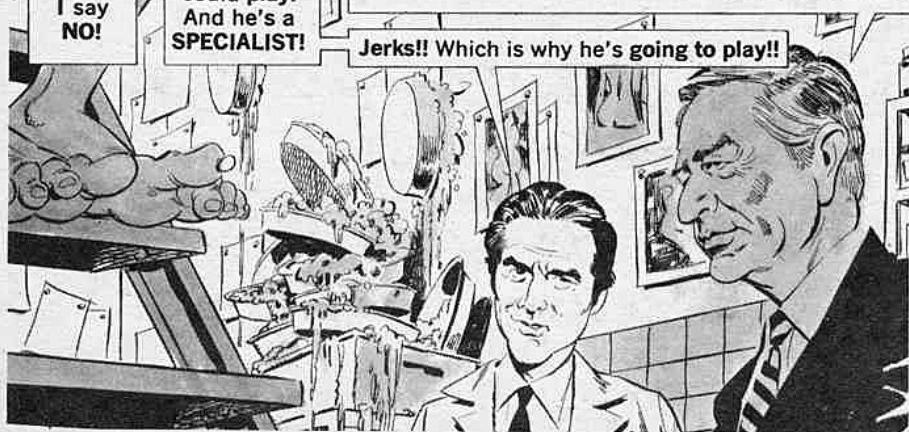


What?! That's MY decision to make and I say NO!

But I asked Dr. Hacker's advice, and HE said he could play! And he's a SPECIALIST!

A SPECIALIST!! You know what a Specialist is? He worries about one little part of the body! He charges outlandish fees! He works only when he feels like it! While WE . . . we worry about every part of the body! We charge low fees! We make house calls! And you know what WE'RE called?

Jerks!! Which is why he's going to play!!



Oh, hi, Pops! You'll be relieved to know that your tests were fine! Your body is healthy and your mind is perfectly sound! And that makes me very happy, because—after all—I brought you into this world, and—

My mind may be perfectly sound, but it's a cinch that yours is going!!

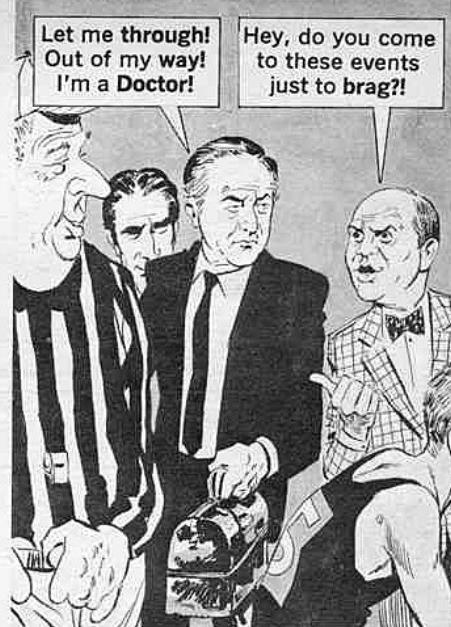
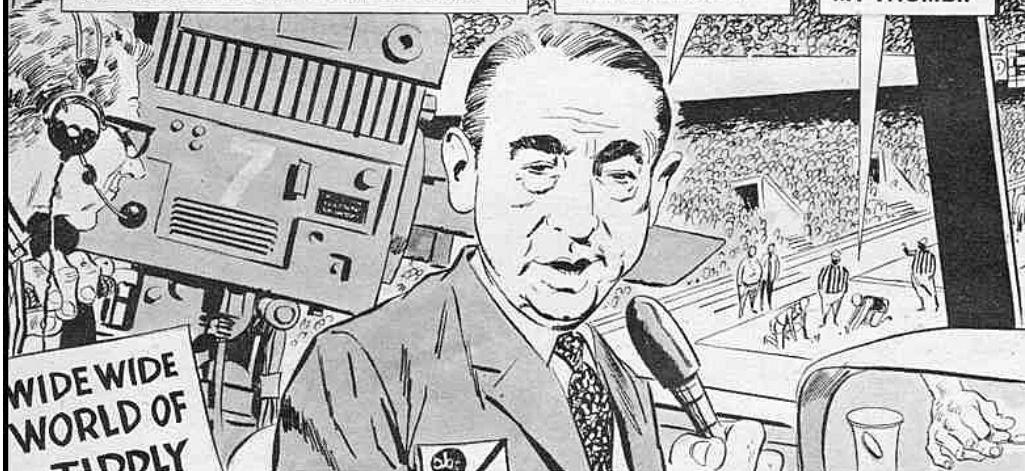


THE NEXT WEEK AT THE TIDDLY OPEN...

Well, folks, it's almost all over, and Richie Craven has made a wonderful showing! If he sinks this last shot he'll be "NATIONAL TIDDLY WINKS CHAMP"!

He's drawing back his thumb! He's flicking it! And... HE MAKES IT!!

OOOHH!
OOOOOOOW!
MY THUMB!!
MY THUMB!!



Hmm! Sorry, Richie! You put too much strain on it! I'm afraid your Tiddling days are over!

As for you Dr. Smiley! You made a wrong decision. You may call yourself a Doctor, because you cure people who want to be cured! But when you can cure people who don't want to be cured, and treat healthy people who only appear ill, and ill people who only appear healthy—THEN you'll have earned the title of Doctor! Did they ever teach you THAT in Med School?

Well, at least I won \$4000! I'll be able to go to College for four years!

TWO years! My bill is for \$2000!

\$2000?!! But what about that speech about the low fees you charge?!

My FEE is only \$50. The other \$1950 is for Christmas pies, thumb tacks...



Well, Dr. Sickby! You were right! From now on, I'll do whatever you want me to do!

I'm glad to hear that, Richie! And I must confess something! I'm as proud of you winning that Championship as if you were my own son!

He IS your own son!

I beg your pardon!

Richie IS your own son! You think you're the only Doctor around who fouls up in the Delivery Room!

I'll still do whatever you say! Doctor knows best!

You mean "FATHER knows best!"



WHAT SILENT MAJORITY WILL WE NEVER HEAR FROM?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING **MAD FOLD-IN**

Today, everyone is concerned with what the so-called "Silent Majority" of Middle-America thinks and needs and wants. But there is a much more important group that keeps growing larger and silenter every day... and everyone seems to be ignoring them. To find out who this "Silent Majority" is, fold in pages as shown!



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A►

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



CRYING PEACE, BROTHERHOOD AND FREEDOM
POLITICAL ACTIVISTS ARE SEARCHING FOR A SOLUTION
TO MANKIND'S PROBLEMS. BUT A GREATER
VICTORY MAY LIE IN THE PURSUIT OF NOBLER AIM

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A►

◀B

ONE DAY IN THE PARK

